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WITH ROOSEVELT THROUGH HOLLAND

by

M. J. BRUSSE

illustrated with pen and ink sketches

by

J. G. VELDHEER

PUBLISHED BY THE

HOLLAND AMERICA LINE

Gift of Pres. Wheeler.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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Theodore Roosevelt

WITH ROOSEVELT THROUGH HOLLAND BY M·J·BRUSSE

decorated and illustrated with pen and ink sketches by J·G·VELDHEER

PUBLISHED BY THE
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ROTTERDAM·· MDCCCCXI

ST. LAWRENCE TOWER · ROTTERDAM

THE visit of the great Roosevelt has, of course, been an event of exceptional interest for the small country of Holland. Not only because he is the late (and probably the future?) head of the most powerful democracy in the world,—a fact in itself of very great significance to Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina's little kingdom, wrested from the sea—but owing to yet another consideration which somewhat heightened our excitement. For does not this ex-president of the United States, whose fame has already made him one of the central figures of the present day in the world's history, more or less belong to the family in Holland? He who, according to President Taft, is the most eminent citizen of the great nation of the New World, is, in reality, our own distant cousin TEDDY OF DELFT, and it was this very relationship, honoured though we felt by it, that caused us to be somewhat nervously apprehensive of this yet so welcome exalted visit.

I daresay you have heard the story of the ugly duckling. It just crossed my mind: We, the old family of ducks at the pool had, some centuries ago, owned a pure-bred aunt who, unwittingly, had hatched—not a swan's but far worse—a condor's egg. And the little fledgling, instead of following the waddling steps of the duck-family along the Dutch banks and meadows and then gliding down into the streams and canals, wherein we are wont to tranquilly swim away our lives,—instead of this, the self-willed

little thing had flown far away across the wide seas, to alight as a mighty condor in unknown regions. At first there must have been a fearful chorus of anxious quacking in the old conservative nest, but, as often happens, the ducks' sorrow would slowly wear off, and be almost forgotten, when all at once tidings came: a young Condor, true offspring of the old Dutch one, Condor Teddy, whose mighty wings have spread over such a large portion of the New World, was really expected to pay his respects to the old nest in our well watered Holland, and you can imagine what noise and quacking this caused among THE DIGNIFIED DUTCH DUCKS. ⊠

⊠ For—to turn from my metaphor more or less ambiguous to ourselves, to sober reality—there was another side to this case. ⊠

⊠ *Au fond*, we are by no means so conservative as you perhaps imagine and, truly, we are certainly not ducks, nor, metaphorically speaking, geese either for that matter, however much water there may be in our lowlying country. As a matter-of-fact we are, even yet, an enterprising little nation. And we are by nature so familiar with the sea that we have never considered it a limitation to our adventures. This is the reason why SO MANY DUTCHMEN HAVE CROSSED OVER TO AMERICA, and that nearly every family has some relative or other among you out yonder. But we are sometimes rather doubtful what to make of those relatives. I need not tell you that we are a dignified nation, of very old, illustrious extraction. That extraction, that glorious family-history is a precious possession of ours, only it is sometimes painful for us to observe how foreigners who come to visit our country, are chiefly attracted by the old associations of the past, and speak with and about us in the past tense, as if, as a matter of course, there can be no question about our *present;* as if for foreign countries, only Dutch great-great-grand-parents exist, to whose traditions and artistic or quaint antique inheritances we ourselves may act as mere museum-attendants. Really this is not only rather objectionable for us, the young generation, but it is slighting the present race. However, I shall have a word or two to say about this later on. Now I was going to speak about our relations in America. ⊠

⊠ See here—and, indeed, it is not that I want to hurt your feelings in revenge for the above-mentioned disregard—but we Dutch folk have been rather given to indulging in little jokes, when it has occasionally been said of some one or other that he has gone to America. Now far be it from me to generalize this popular form of witticism; this would be slandering my countrymen among you. For it was, and still is, often the most energetic men and women who seek new homes in the New-World. But I repeat it: we are, there is no denying the fact, a dignified nation, not free from certain bourgeois notions anent dignity which is chiefly based on prosperity. That we are STEINREICHE HOLLÄNDER (enormously rich Dutchmen) has, indeed, ever since our golden seventeenth century, also formed part of our reputation, which, I daresay, is held in high regard by the American Railway Companies for instance, in which a large portion of our national

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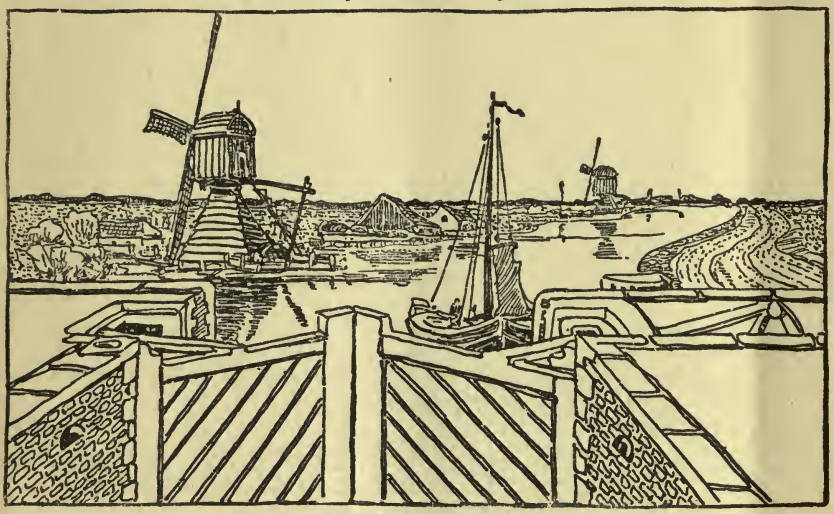
wealth has been invested. And now I think I may say that there are a few examples (which have become classical through popular songs) of Dutchmen emigrating to America who, by so doing, have not exactly given obvious proof of having raised their family-traditions in a monetary sense. This was sufficient reason for their relatives to keep dark about the journey for the time being, meanwhile harbouring eager anticipations of the wonderful career possibly to follow out yonder, resulting in a fabulously liberal testament in favour of the sorrowing relations in the good old fatherland. For in this respect every less fortunate shoemaker or baker who has bravely started on the great journey, raises the most wonderful ideas in the minds of the faithful circle of the stay-at-home nephews and nieces. ⊠



LOCK NEAR VREESWIJK.

⊠ They see the adventurer there, performing successively the various offices of shoe-black, news-boy, cowboy and every other despised occupation their fertile imaginations can supply. Finally, long forgotten and lost to Dutch eyes, he blossoms out into a multi-millionaire, to unexpectedly come down as THE AMERICANISED WONDER, in his own airship, from the Dutch clouds, in a small Dutch village, with its wooden houses painted green behind little gardens in which the trees have been quaintly cut into the semblance of animals; amidst red-white and blue windmills, and little drawbridges across the ditches. He is stared at by peasants in wide knickerbockers and wooden shoes, long clay churchwardens in their mouths, and pretty peasant-women with their fair corkscrew curls, lace caps with gold ear-plates, the many-coloured kerchiefs pinned across the shoulders. ⊠ ⊠ Albeit we may hold certain misgivings as to whether our grown grand

cousin, out yonder, will still fit in the stately old Dutch frame of our family-group, for are there not seated amongst them some in POWDERED WIGS AND MOBCAPS, painted by Rembrandt or Frans Hals, and all the rest in the stiff dignity of long black-cloth coats or in silk falling down in heavy folds? ⊠

⊠ What will he be like? How will he comport himself? Like a sharp-beaked, broad-winged, rough-feathered condor, with horrible talons, amidst the modest and self-reliant ducks, quietly sitting on the traditional old Dutch nest? Would his modern-world tastes find space enough there?

A DUTCH MEADOW WITH CATTLE.

And how, how could we receive him fittingly and in accordance with his, or, more particularly, our own dignity? ⊠

⊠ I assure you, it was with respectful admiration; with frank, undisguised satisfaction to our patriarchal feelings, and at the same time a bashful curiosity, that the visit of our mighty distant cousin Teddy of Delft—ex-president of the New World, was looked forward to in Holland. Yet do not misunderstand me. We, too, THE DUTCH CHEESE-MAKERS, are, believe me, even now, still men, and what is more, men of our times. The export-pictures and the absurd picture postcards, which are sold to you by hundreds and thousands have perhaps given you the impression

that we are, properly speaking, a sort of anachronistic anecdote in old-fashioned Marken hats, short knickerbockers and short skirts, dancing our own national dances in wooden shoes in the squares of Amsterdam and the Hague. That we still live in dwellings raised on piles, with seventeenth century Dutch interiors, having leaded window-panes and blazing logs in richly carved chimney-corners, the brass chandeliers suspended from the raftered ceilings; luxurious cupboards and cleverly carved cabinets, on which the old blue Delft ware makes such a fine show, while the States-Bible lies open on a stand, and represents pretty well our only spiritual food. That we still travel along our canals in HORSE-TOWED

NEAR TIEL. SAILING-BARGES GOING DOWN STREAM. (WAAL AND RHINE).

BARGES and in stage-coaches along the dykes; that the carrier-pigeons are our telegraph boys.

☒ But really however alluring this picture, of old-Holland may seem to you, it does in point of fact not correspond with the reality: Our beautiful, interesting country, our earnest and energetic nation keep pace with the times, even if we do not altogether relinquish time-honoured traditions. Our trade flourishes again; our shipping has sought new tracks, our science in many respects counts in the world; some of the products of our industries are Holland's monopolies in the international markets; our rich colonies are the envy of powerful nations; our agriculture has been developed in some districts into model-gardens for the whole of Europe; the Dutch cattle-breeding may serve as an example far beyond our frontiers; our painting, our literature are in a period of renewed florescense; our musicians, our singers have established their reputation also in your country, but it is especially our old culture, which of yore so

often took the lead, that still holds its foremost place in the rapid vortex of modern action that is stirring the world. Moreover we have not sacrificed all the traditions of our nationality to present-day modernism. For without being chauvinistic, we are still proud of THE HISTORY OF OUR SMALL COUNTRY, which imposes many obligations of a classical nature on the present race. ⊠

⊠ However, you must not take me too seriously in my little jokes, and on no account be led into false conclusions. We are fully up-to-date as

ON THE ISLAND OF MARKEN.

regards the history of these wonderfully interesting times that again and again draws our attention to America above all countries. We have followed your, in so many respects, glorious history faithfully and with the deepest interest. We have read your books in your language, and had them translated into our own. Our newspapers, which have the very latest news, are among the best, and most trustworthy of Europe, keeping us right abreast of everything of importance that occurs in your country. We profit by it, learn day by day from your wonderful technical progress, from the history of your internal political economy. And this is why Mr. Roosevelt was familiar to us, long before his arrival, as a hero, in the modern and the romantic sense of the word; why we knew him as the MAN OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, as the diligent, powerful ruler, who, disliking

old-fashioned grooves and narrow-minded officialdom, had the courage to act impulsively and like an ordinary man, even at a time when he filled the highest office in the state. And now, there is no other American living who has so appealed to us through his deeds, his words, which were conveyed to us by telegraph, and by his writings, which we read here and which have been translated into Dutch; as the man whom we honour, not only as the representative of the American nation, but as the symbol of the modern movement of these stirring times. ⊠

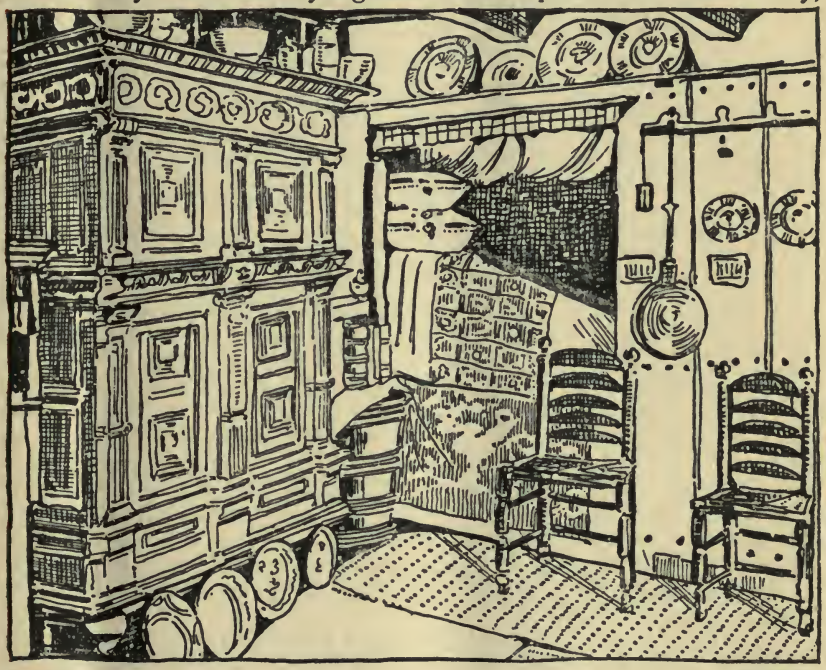
⊠ This knowledge of Roosevelt's personality did not serve to lessen our nervousness in giving him a fitting reception. Had we, so to say, room enough in our modest, dignified, little country for this man who had not only governed a considerable part of the world, but had, from his youth, AS A WRESTLER AND BOXER, as a reckless horseman and mighty hunter before the Lord, so tremendously exercised his body to the greater refreshment of his mind? ⊠

⊠ Which of our rulers could hold his own with him, if it should occur to our distant cousin to have a bout with his fists in the morning? What kind of ferocious beasts could we offer him to demonstrate his marksmanship, we who can only allow ourselves the luxury of two lions: the Dutch ones in our coat of arms? Was not one of the popular nicknames of our eagerly expected guest: EAT' EM UP JACK, of him, the former police-czar who, for his love of nightly adventures, was sometimes called: Haroun al Roosevelt? How would he arrive: in his peaceful walking-spectacles, his shooting-spectacles or his wrestling-spectacles tied firmly round his head? And would he, the late assistant-secretary of the American navy perhaps insist on going for a sail with our whole fleet? People were very anxious to know how all this would turnout. And so the Dutch newspapers did their best to inform them as fully as possible, the moment Colonel Roosevelt should approach our frontier. On the eve of the great day, leading-articles of welcome appeared in all papers. And it was owing to the great interest of the Dutch public that I was requested by my editor to go and meet him in Belgium's capital, and from there participate in his entry into Holland.

⊠ THE FIRST HANDSHAKE. Allow me to tell you, that Brussels, where I had the honour of shaking hands with ex-president Roosevelt, is no more situated in Holland, than Holland is in Belgium. This remark seems justified, inasmuch as it is a fact that people abroad sometimes have such funny ideas of the geographical situation of Holland. ⊠

⊠ Provided with a kind letter of introduction from the American Minister at the Court of Queen Wilhelmina—Mr. Beaupré—I had called that afternoon at the American Legation in the Avenue de l'Art, and been admitted to the unofficial citizen, who was, in those days, being received with princely honours at all the European courts. But though I was possessed of all the necessary credentials, my endeavour to be the first Dutch journalist to wait upon the representative of the United States, was baffled as it were by "force majeure". For the ante-room of the splendid Legation

was already thronged with such a seething crowd of excited admirers, all competing for the historical handshake that, in order to safeguard the staircase from BEING STORMED, the Legation-secretaries were compelled to form a cordon that had perforce to yield, one stair after another, to the advance of the surging crowd of ministers, generals, members of the corps diplomatique, of pig-tailed Chinamen and Europeanised little Japanese, marquises, earls, baronesses, courtiers and the members of the American colony held so closely together in such a *pâté* of democratic unity,



MAKKEN. INTERIOR.

that the orchids were snapped off in the ladies' corsages, the velvet mantles were irretrievably crushed, the aigrettes crumpled on the hats, and many a lady, suffering from a racking headache caused by the heat, could scarcely find room to take breath for a scream of: „Laissez moi donc, messieurs!" ⊠ ⊠ Such an outburst of old-world admiration was too much even for the dam of the United-States. The crowd broke through, stormed up the balustraded staircase, over the Persian carpets, knocking down the splendid exotic plants, and was not even held in check by the closed doors leading to the salon, where Roosevelt, who had begged for just a moment's rest, was lunching with his host and a few chosen guests. ⊠

⊠ Notwithstanding this, the upper ten forced their way into the minister's private apartments hardly checked, in their headlong course, by the table spread with viands, and the chairs on which the company sat. ⊠

⊠ Theodore Roosevelt was surrounded in no time and in rapt attention, the assemblage of ladies and gentlemen followed every mouthful, while he quietly went on with his lunch, masticating his food with his strikingly large, glittering teeth, with no other movement in his face than that of his jaws. ⊠

⊠ Suddenly from the aviaries, situated at the end of these reception-rooms, where birds of variegated plumage, mingled harmoniously in their Eastern-tinted colourings, with the stately setting of the room, decorated in Louis XVI style, shrill cries of alarm were heard, a sound of the frightened beating of wings against the gilded bars, and such a wild state of panic arose that, it is to be feared, the nerves of these delicate DAINTY LITTLE RICE-BIRDS and of the dandy parroquets will never recover from the fright of all the tumult. ⊠

⊠ Indeed, when I think of it again, my knees positively quake. ⊠

⊠ A moment after this, the ex-president has succeeded, by a clever strategic movement, in securing a position in the suite of rooms, whereby the hundreds of delighted people were enabled to file past him. My letter of introduction firmly clasped in my left hand, somewhat trembling from excitement, I softly repeated to myself some of the phrases I wished to put in my short speech of respect and national relationship, until gradually drawing nearer, I presently found myself within the radius of the president's glittering eye-glasses, and under the spell of his extremely powerful personality. ⊠

⊠ Then... I heard myself stammer aloud, I felt my hand seized, and was in the middle of the first sentence... when it was as if a pistol-shot had struck me in the chest. Roosevelt had addressed me: "FINE!!" he had called out in a stentorian voice, so thunderous in its timbre, so like an explosion of no doubt joyful emotion that, frightened out of my wits, I started back and made my first false step—right across the golden-shod foot of some court-lady. ⊠

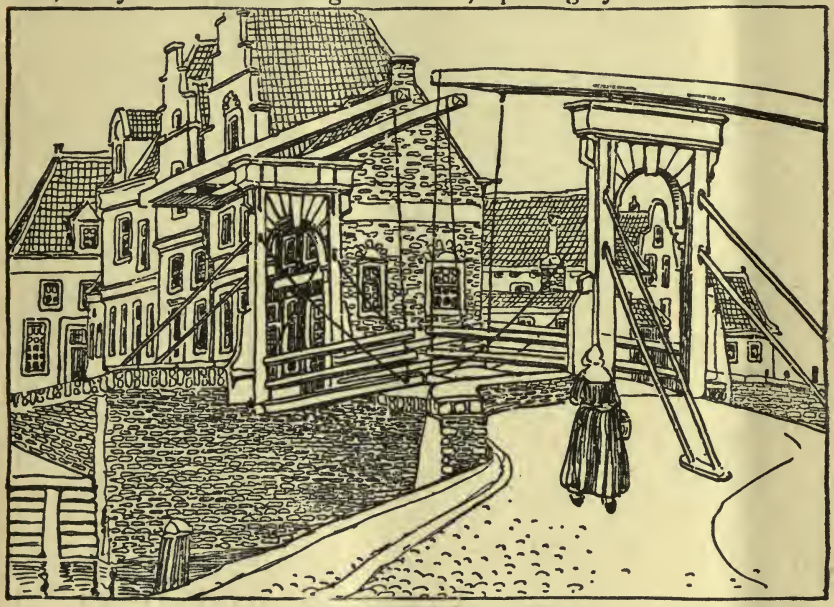
⊠ Is it to be wondered at, that I shall never forget this historical moment? Neither will the most charming young American ladies in Brussels, whose eyes shone with delight in faces pale with emotion, along whose smartly tailored backs excited thrills passed... I will wager that for some days after, they did not wash the dimpled hands which were shaken with such eager cordiality by Teddy, who reserved his wittiest words and most winning smiles for so much irresistible youthful grace. ⊠

⊠ But I had after all gained one thing through my letter of introduction. I was the only one of all the Dutch journalists that received permission to travel the next day IN ROOSEVELT'S PRIVATE TRAIN on its entry into Holland. And that is what I am now going to tell you about. ⊠

⊠ It was on the 28th of April 1910, again very early in the morning that

VOLENDAM. FISHER-GIRL.

a lustily hooting motorcar, the chauffeur in the court-livery of the King of the Belgians, dashed into the Station du Nord at Brussels. ⊠ ⊠ On the platform a dense crowd of people jostled each other near the the train, quite ready for a fresh fit of enthusiasm. Another minute and he appears, the man who possesses the affection of millions, who has his admirers all over the world, perhaps soon again to be the head of one of the most powerful nations. Quite familiarly he threads his way through the throng, a man of medium size, but strongly built; correctly but plainly dressed in his long black coat; a pearl-grey tie with a diamond

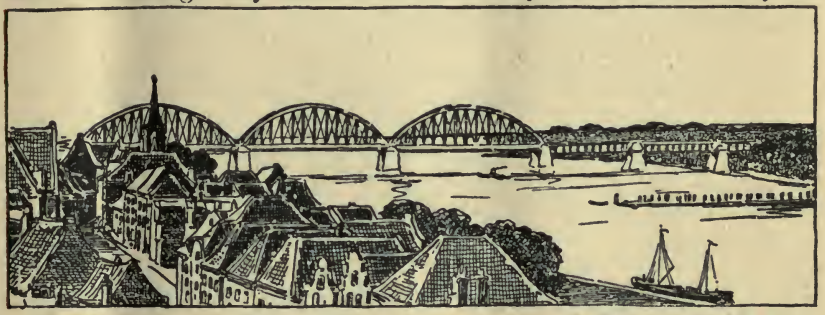


TWO DRAWBRIDGES AT EDAM.

pin; a low collar showing his sunburnt neck. His ever mobile, fascinating face with its intelligent, short-sighted eyes puckered up in fine wrinkles, looks cheerfully round. With a hurried step, appearing rather small, he walks behind the extremely tall adjutant of the King, the Minister, Mr. Bryan, and the members of the Legation clearing with difficulty a narrow passage for him. And very good-humouredly, nay ALMOST MERRILY, Roosevelt pushes through all those shoulders and elbows, smiling at the people, nodding, and finally lifting his tall hat and waving it, continually making that upward movement with his right hand, which irresistibly reminds one of a band-conductor rousing his orchestra. This hugely delights the people. The Americans among them, longing for another farewell glance, cheer vociferously: "Teddy, Teddy!" The charming Ame-

rican young ladies kiss their hands to him, with tears in their eyes. Is such popularity not marvellous, thousands of miles away from his own country? ⊠ Having mounted the platform of his saloon-carriage, he leans against the railings for a few moments, then nods familiarly over his shoulder to his "boys", the faithful AMERICAN REPORTERS, whom I was allowed to join, and who had been shadowing him, with note-book and camera from the time he had quitted the wilderness. ⊠

⊠ The public also beginning to clamber on to the train, he is literally hustled into the saloon, where, somewhat fatigued, he sits down by the window, his head averted from the crowd. This, however, does not deter his persistent admirers from tapping on the window-panes, pressing faces crimson with excitement, against them, waving their little stars and stripes before his eyes, while ladies ecstatically put their lips against the glass. This is too much even for Roosevelt. A sunny smile again breaks over his face and although they cannot hear him, he speaks, he intimates by his



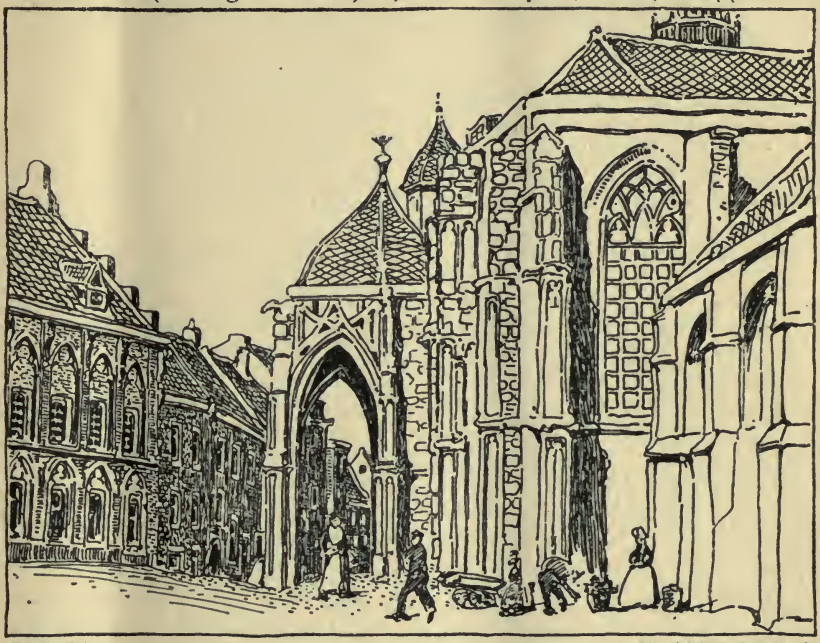
NIJMEGEN. BRIDGE ACROSS THE WAAL.

gestures: "That's right, that's right, my dear good people," his extremely piquant, expressive face with its large dazzling teeth, seems to say. A loud whistle from the engine—and Theodore Roosevelt is on his way TO GOOD OLD HOLLAND to meet the Dutch, his "Kinsfolk". "How ever does he stand these tiring duty journeys, for weeks on end?" I asked the American colleagues. "Well," says one, "through his thorough physical training; his muscles are tireless, and consequently his nerves and brain as well."—"And," says another, "because this triumphal tour through Europe is just the kind of thing he enjoys." They are all astonished at his popularity in both continents.—"What do you think of him in Holland?"—"Everybody there knows and admires your ex-president."—It is a source of much regret to the journalists that they are not familiar with the Dutch language, for they would, especially here, dearly love to interview "the man in the street" about Teddy. ⊠

⊠ And now he would like to rest for awhile. Leaning back in an easy club-chair, a book on Holland and a Dutch newspaper (from which his own name stands forth conspicuously at the head of the flattering leading

article) resting on a little table before him, he gazes out of the window. It is evident he does not wish to be disturbed even by the reporters. ⊠ ⊠ But as the train steams into the next station his ears are greeted for the first time with loud Dutch cheers. First of all he motions to the "boys". "Come in," he invites the reporters, "quick, quick, we are in Holland and I am so glad, THE HOME OF MY FOREFATHERS!" Entering with the rest, I approach him, saying: "Mr. Roosevelt, as a Dutchman, it gives me much pleasure to assure you of a most hearty welcome in Holland."—For an instant I detected a film of emotion in his eyes, then extending his hand he clasped mine cordially, while answering much more gently than on the previous day: "Fine. That is very fine!" and emphasizing every word: "You know my forefathers left your country to cross to America three centuries ago."—"We know it, and are proud of it!" ⊠ ⊠ Here he was cheered lustily by the Dutch crowd, who called out familiarly: "Roosevelt, Roosevelt," giving the word its correct Dutch pronunciation, at which the great man was visibly moved, and in a voice of emotion said: "Thank you, you are the first whom I have heard pronounce my name correctly: RO(O)-SE-VELT!" And so the journey continues, now in the company of the American Minister, Mr. Beaupré. ⊠ ⊠ It was a bright refreshing spring-morning, and observing how beautiful our dear country looked as it lay around, dressed in its delicate spring garb, I felt proud to think that he, who had travelled all over the world, and had seen Nature in her mightiest moods, now sitting at the train window, could not fail to be struck by the novelty and charm of his surroundings. For the Dutch landscape, lying low amidst its dykes, is of a colour, of an atmosphere, of an aspect so very picturesquely its own, as can be found in no other spot in the world, owing to its very simplicity, which in its flat stretches of meadow land, bordered by ditches and canals, is void of all pretension, display or overwhelming grandeur. This is how ex-president Roosevelt then viewed OUR LANDSCAPES as they glided by in the soft golden light, through which, across the blue sky, the white clouds so often painted by Maris, were floating lazily over our dark heaths, our woods, clothed in their early verdure, our grassy meadows and yellow buttercups. It pleased me to think how intensely peaceful and home-like our little country must appear to the great man on his world journey. ⊠ ⊠ Every now and then I saw the Minister, who knows Holland very well, carry on a brisk conversation with Teddy. I could well imagine that he was telling the ex-president about the country of his ancestors, as it is at the present time; HOW THE EX-PRESIDENT WAS TO LOOK AT HOLLAND; that he must not expect to find everything here as it is represented in anecdotes; not look in our modern houses for the historical interiors of seventeenth-century beauty, nor for the gracefully-shaped and lovingly-cared for household articles, so eagerly sought as antiquities, as they are are no longer in use. ⊠

⊠ „ For," he would say, "the many magnificent works of art wrought by the guild-freemen, in bygone centuries, have for the greater part been carried away by train and ship over the frontier and across the seas—especially to: The New World. And also far too many of the paintings of our old Dutch masters are now hanging in the galleries of wealthy Americans, so that in our own homes, very little of our old-Dutch art is left. It has been scattered over the whole world; for not every Hollander is so "steinreich" (Rolling in wealth) as, viewed in perspective, he appears to



NIJMEGEN. ST. STEVENSPLAATS.

be. A few patrician families have retained much that is beautiful, and to some of their collections at the Hague and Amsterdam—Jhr. Six's for instance, which you, Mr. Roosevelt, will no doubt visit—foreigners are still admitted. ⊠

⊠ To be perfectly candid then, one cannot get over the fact that some foreigners are extremely covetous of the costly heirlooms our forefathers have handed down to us, and this fact has caused many Dutchmen to limit their hospitality to a great extent. You will therefore have to look for these things in the public museums, rather than in the private houses of our gentlefolk, the former possessors of all these much desired objects, for they have become careful of THEIR ART-TREASURES. ⊠

⊠ So it is nowadays the city and state-authorities who, aided by wealthy, art-loving citizens, collect the best of everything and guard it jealously against all possible risk of alienation. ⊠

⊠ In this way, foreigners can still admire the finest products of our national art, inspired by Holland's beauty, Holland's customs and Holland's glory, especially in that golden seventeenth century of the history of the United Netherlands, when proud Amsterdam was the first mercantile city of the world, and the Republic took the lead in the affairs of all Europe. ⊠ Moreover, the contemplation of those masterpieces in the land in which they were created, will be the more interesting, because after centuries, many of their surroundings have remained unchanged. You will see the old pictures, Colonel, in the same HAZY ATMOSPHERE which is so characteristic of the low countries by the sea. In the same soft light of our cloudy Dutch skies—within the precincts of old cities which have remained so typically Dutch, where still many sixteenth and seventeenth century houses reflect their stately facades in the water of the canals, overshadowed by elms, limetrees and chestnuts. ⊠

⊠ The towers of Gothic, and in the Brabant country through which we are now passing, even a few Roman churches, still ring out the same chimes to the same old national tunes, high above the red-tiled gabled roofs. And the activity and bustle of seamen from all parts of the world, has been revived along the rivers, quays, wharves and canals, where ships of all nations display their flags as of yore. ⊠

⊠ If you will glance out of the window, now that we are passing THE LUXURIANT MEADOWS, and again later on, as we go through the typically Dutch "polder"land, you will see the pure white, sturdily built, fat oxen and cows, grazing in thousands and thousands, in company with fine Dutch horses—a sign of Holland's prosperity. ⊠

⊠ Further along we reach the lower-lying districts adjoining the sea. In fact THE GREATER PART OF OUR COUNTRY THERE LIES BENEATH THE SEA-LEVEL. Ditches, canals, and often our larger rivers, stand many feet above the land surrounding them, so that the boatmen whose sailing-barges lie moored at the quays, are obliged occasionally to descend to the "polder" where they have come to take in corn, hay or straw, by means of a long ladder. And when the foaming seas, lashed by the spring-or autumn-storms, which often ravage our coasts, have, here or there, broken through our dykes, which fortunately happens very seldom now, owing to the fact perhaps that our hydraulic engineers must be amongst the most skilled in the world—then you could have seen, Mr. Roosevelt, entire villages with their surrounding orchards, flooded, so that only a steeple reared itself like a beacon in the limitless waters. It may happen then that A WHERRY IS LAUNCHED FROM THE ATTIC-WINDOW OF A HIGH HOUSE to save men and cattle from risk of drowning. ⊠

⊠ These inundations, which occur with less and less frequency, are for us, Hollanders, the alarming manifestations of the below-sea level, on

RHENEN. CUNERA-TOWER.

which we so unsuspectingly dwell in town and country. And afterwards we contribute very contentedly towards the millions and millions of guild-

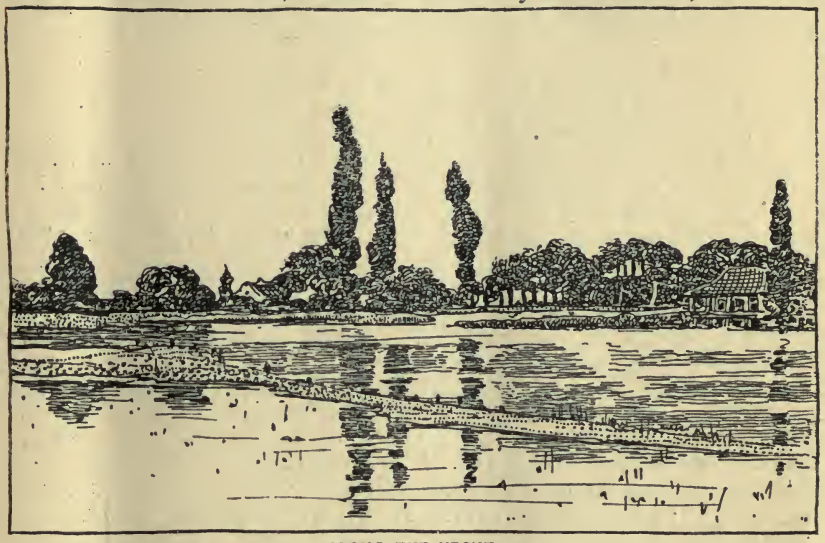
UTRECHT. OLD CANAL.

ers, that are demanded every year for the upkeep of the dykes, to protect us from our ever threatening enemy—the sea. ⊠

⊠ It is by reason of the unusual situation of Holland, as the lowest country in Europe, that strangers from all parts of the world, particularly Americans—who, as a rule are, in their travels, attracted by the highest alti-

tudes—visit our land more and more, finding it of such absorbing interest, without the Hollanders being—not alone because they wear no pig-tails—the double-dutch WATER-CHINESE for whom they are sometimes mistaken from a distance. ⊠

⊠ Almost every inch of this low country has been wrested from the sea and its tributaries. Again and again a dyke has been built round a stretch of water. Lakes, pools, marshes, sloughs, quagmires or whatever they may be called, often covering an area of many acres, have been pumped dry. And the reclaimed lands, coated with sea-clay and rivermud, have been



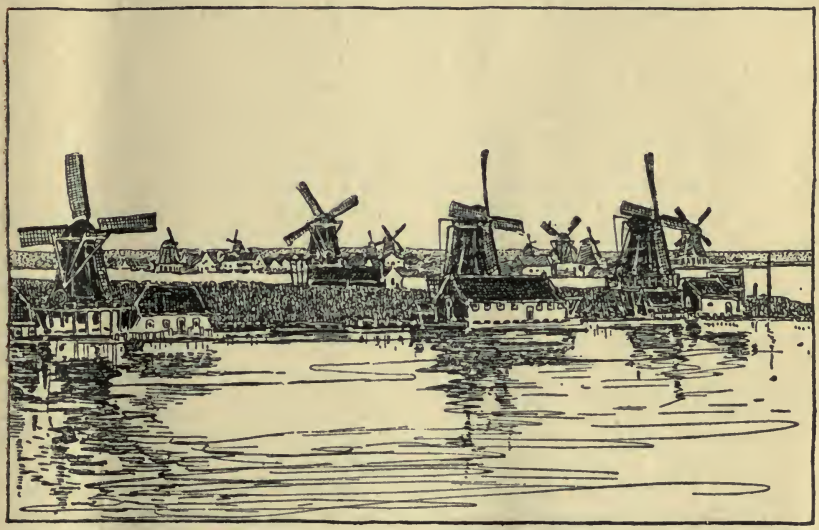
ALONG THE VECHT.

transformed into fertile plains, where farmers and cattle-breeders have settled, and villages have developed into towns. ⊠

⊠ But these conquered territories, which form the greater part of Holland, must be defended day and night against the encroaching waters, that never relax their efforts. Therefore you will find in our maps a network of "polder"-dykes, guarding the interior, within the mighty sea-walls, adjoining the sand dunes, those natural and splendid delicately-tinted guardians of the Dutch sea-coast. Many of the canals and streams, where a regular barge-traffic is maintained, and on which, in winter, the entire population enjoys itself ON SKATES, IN SLEDGES, SLEIGHS AND SAILING ICE-YACHTS, really exist for drainage-purposes, regulated by locks. The numerous windmills, so characteristic of the Dutch landscape, were originally destined to discharge the superfluous water, which is now generally done by steam pumping-stations. ⊠

⊠ The many picturesque high-arched bridges, reflecting their graceful curves in the water, and the white drawbridges with their angular balance-tilts, which adorn many a Dutch picture, have served for ages to carry the traffic over all these canals without hampering the shipping. ⊠
⊠ Thus is every characteristic of the Dutch landscape a consequence of the low situation amidst such an abundance of water. The enormous railway-bridges, miracles of engineering skill, over which we shall presently pass, Colonel, across no fewer than three of the largest rivers, will cause you to be astonished at the wonderful TECHNICAL SKILL to which we were urged by necessity. And it is the same with everything that makes Holland so uncommonly charming to strangers. The damp soil needed planting with moisture-loving trees, which,—especially the pollard-willows,— give our watery land, a beauty all its own. ⊠
⊠ And then the whole flora, sappy of colour and structure, thrives luxuriantly in the meadows and beside the ditches, while flocks of waterfowl in their white plumage lend a picturesque charm to our "polders", shores and islands. The rarer specimens of these birds are still preserved, a fact taken advantage of by many Americans, who come for WATER-FOWL SHOOTING, much as the inhabitants dislike to see the precious colony of birds exterminated by their guns. ⊠
⊠ And, Mr. Roosevelt, if you will only raise your eyes, you will acknowledge that nowhere have you observed anything like the imposing trail of clouds that sail along our skies, in this humid atmosphere. ⊠
⊠ Our peculiarly planned towns and villages, too, most of which originated along the waterways; and the architecture of our houses, built on piles, driven into the marshy soil—it has all grown just so, in harmony with its surroundings, so typically Dutch, because ours is a waterland. ⊠
⊠ That for centuries past, the Dutch have been a seafaring nation, I surely need not tell you, Colonel, so soon after THE HALF-MOON HAS BEEN RIGHTLY HONOURED AT THE HUDSON-CELEBRATION in New-York. The influence of this on the civilization of our country, which brought our navigators into contact with people of all nationalities, has been perceptible for ages. As an instance, the Dutch were the first Europeans to enter into regular commercial relations with Japan, of which the abundance of old Japanese art, and of old Chinese and Japanese pottery, to be found among the old blue Delft, even in peasants' houses, was a consequence; while on the other hand, the presence of CULTURED DUTCHMEN IN JAPAN originated the western civilization there. The fisheries too have been since the olden days a most important means of existence. Nearly all our larger towns were originally sea-ports or fishing villages; for which we have to thank our neighbour—the sea—that made our history so glorious by the heroic deeds of our navy, under such men as MICHIEL DE RUYTER AND BESTEVAER TROMP. ⊠
⊠ The sea, that wide roadway for the world's traffic, for prosperity, and for science and art, which have developed so luxuriantly. The sea that by

its indomitable power and never-ending struggle for the possession of our country, has formed the Dutch character; that made us an earnest, persevering almost dogged kind of people, and pious and simple from a continual sense of dependence; but it has also made us ingenious, in finding means of opposing and thwarting its natural supremacy by cleverly executed plans and well-considered devices. All of which virtues, Mr. Roosevelt, the historians will credit you with, and perhaps attribute to your Dutch extraction... Here my reverie, which I had indulged in while travelling in Roosevelt's train through Holland, was suddenly disturbed, and the speech which, in my fond imagination, the Minister was pouring into the ears of



THE ZAAN. DISTRICT TO THE NORTH OF AMSTERDAM.

our illustrious visitor, was broken off by the train coming to a standstill at a station. 's HERTOGENBOSCH. ⊠

⊠ On the platform stood hundreds of people, and right in front of this closely packed throng of sturdy Dutch men and women, among whom were some rustics, their sun-tanned faces surrounded by black frilled caps, naively adorned with flowers, ROOSEVELT's carriage came to a standstill. A GENUINE DUTCH HURRAH burst forth, which the president did not seem to expect here. Surprised he stood up, his face wrinkled into its kindest expression, but there seemed no end to the cheering. "Teddy, Teddy!"—shouted the ladies in imitation of the Americans. Again he made his "bandmaster gesture" with his indefatigable right hand. But this was not enough. Roosevelt had to come out on to the small platform at the end of the carriage. And he stood again in the middle of the delighted crowd,

who continued shouting their welcome in Dutch. He looks round quickly, to see whether any one intends saying something spontaneously that he can understand and answer to, and a lady, standing in front called out in English: "Speak to us," to which he replied: "I am sorry I am not able to do this in your language, which was once THE LANGUAGE OF MY FOREFATHERS. But I am so glad to see you, Hollanders, who three centuries ago, were the pioneers of our American nation"... and, there were tears in those keen, expressive eyes, while his face wrinkled up alarmingly. Then he called out in quite correct Dutch: "Ik dank u."

☒ The people were affected! They shouted: "MRS. ROOSEVELT, ETHEL, YOUR SON KERMIT! Let us see them!"—But he answers laughing: "They are a little tired." His family was meanwhile sitting in another compartment invisible from the platform: the still youthful woman with her aristocratic kind face, dressed very simply in a dark green costume, with a boa of "chantecler" feathers and a strikingly small fashionable bonnet; the slim daughter, somewhat pale, but very pretty under the broad-brimmed hat, trimmed with spring-flowers, and the still boyish-looking son, who has such a pleasing gesture, when he takes off his uncomfortable tall hat, to pass his fingers through his fair locks. But they did not show themselves and the train glided slowly out of the station. ☒

☒ The Hague Minister may perhaps have told him then that 's-Hertogenbosch, though somewhat removed from the usual route, is worth visiting by foreigners, if only as an example of an, in many respects, unaltered old Dutch town, which received its charter as early as the twelfth century. ☒

☒ But the crossing of the rivers would no doubt have caused the conversation to become general in the compartment, where the ex-president was looking out of the open window in the mild spring weather. The Maas, the Waal and OLD FATHER RHINE, originally mountain-streams, peacefully wind their way between their overflow-banks and the flowering orchards, to the low countries, where they throw themselves into the sea. And the busy traffic of hurrying tugs, carrying merchandise from all parts of the world, out of the port of Rotterdam into Germany, in an endless series of long Rhineboats, broad-sailed hoys, luggers etc., borne along on their white wings—all combine to create a scene so picturesque, as can only be seen in Dutch waters and under Dutch skies. On their green banks, and gathered closely around the tall structures of old mediaeval churches and gateways, are THE DUTCH HOUSES WITH THEIR RED-TILED ROOFS, in the shade of trees, overgrown with creepers, the first spring-flowers blossoming against the old brick-work, as high as the gable-tops. Woods, covering gently-sloping hills, lead one's imagination to the province of Gelderland, Holland's pleasure-ground, where the aristocratic old families still have their stately country-seats. ☒

☒ Now the train was passing NIJMEGEN, the Noviomagus of the Romans, built amphitheatrically on seven hills. EVERY COUNTRY HAS ITS

AMSTERDAM. THE KOLK (A QUAINT CANAL).

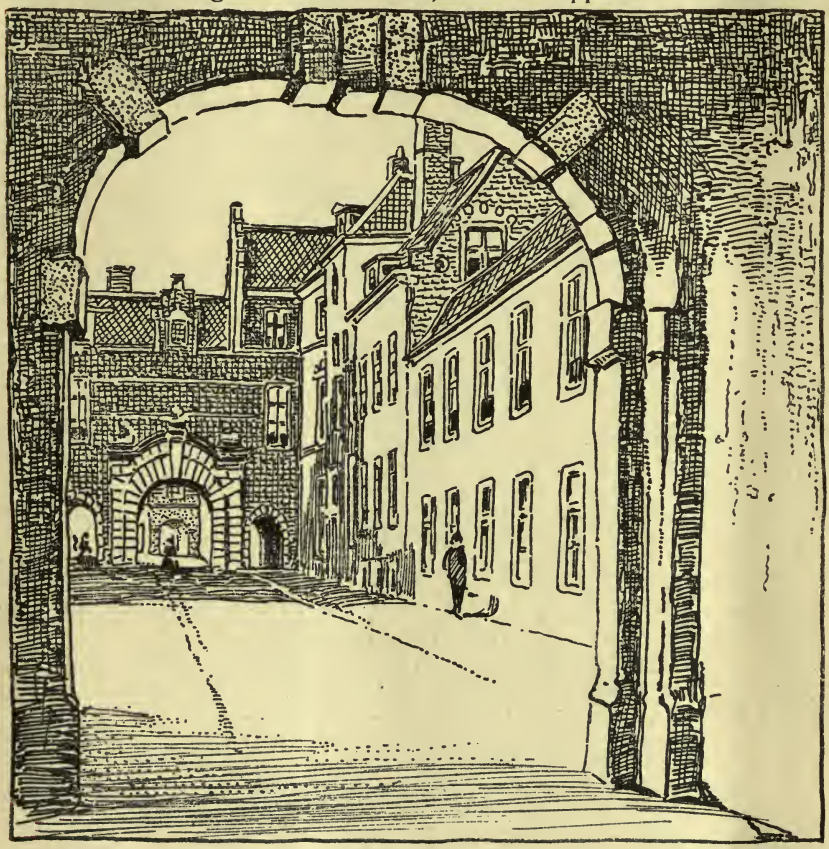
CUSTOMS. It is also in this corner of the world that the water of the wide rivers is predominant in its onward course to the sea, the outlet for them all in our low-lying country. I should have liked to point out many more signs of this characteristic feature to the ex-president, to enable him to get a deeper insight into the manners and customs of these typically-Dutch, sturdy, rosy and fair-haired men and women—aye, above all of our rich language and beautiful literature, so little known abroad. But—I would have added—these peculiarities of our country have not remained so noticeably a national feature, as you also, Mr. Roosevelt, may have been made to believe. So, now that you have honoured us by coming here, you must rid your mind of the idea that you are going to see a GAUDY RUSTIC VAUDEVILLE in the most wonderful prehistoric costumes, amidst scenery of trees pruned into animal shapes, green houses on piles like large dovecots, from which bridal parties descend into boats, to be rowed to the town-hall—and for the rest nothing but windmills standing out against Rembrandtesque backgrounds. ⊠

⊠ Ours is a modern country, with modern cities and modern inhabitants, who will gladly address foreigners in their own language. And the innately Dutch in this will please you the more, because it is so unobtrusive. For display is neither characteristic of the landscape, nor of the rather stiff-mannered, reserved people. Yet in a few more remote islands, and in some out-of-the-way districts, it is still possible to meet with simple, primitive folk, attired in their native costume, living in hamlets of small wooden houses, guarded by lofty dykes, where antique articles of household use have been carefully cherished for centuries.

⊠ I hear you say: VOLENDAM AND MARKEN. Well, I will at once proceed to tell you the best way of seeing these really wonderful places with your own eyes. From Amsterdam hundreds of foreigners make the excursion daily, partly by water and partly by land, which especially in this "polder" region lies so much lower than the dykes that intersect it. A small steamboat takes them through a part of the capital, built out into the water, for which reason it is sometimes called "the Venice of the North." The excursionists once or twice, while going under the bridges, are obliged to bend their heads to prevent their hats being knocked off. After crossing the river Y, on whose banks Amsterdam lies, in the shape of a half-moon, and having arrived on the opposite side, they board an unpretentious little steamtram, which carries them over the high, narrow dykes of this typical "polder" region, along which the villages are built. A boundless perspective of broad meadow-land, where formerly great lakes shimmered, everywhere intersected by canals and ditches—and soon they reach BROEK IN WATERLAND, a village which, though much ridiculed, is yet, through its quaintness, of peculiar interest to foreigners. Its natives, since they have been brought more into contact with civilization, have lost many of the unsophisticated and proverbially primitive ways and manners, but the numerous wooden houses, mostly painted in crude

AMSTERDAM. ST. ANTHONY'S LOCK AND MONTALBAANS' TOWER.

colours, and gaudily decorated, still preserve all their curious quaintness, in their setting of old-world gardens, little bridges and miniature ponds. ⊠ ⊠ The contrasts follow in quick succession on this trip, for hardly has the odd little village been left behind, when we approach the venerable

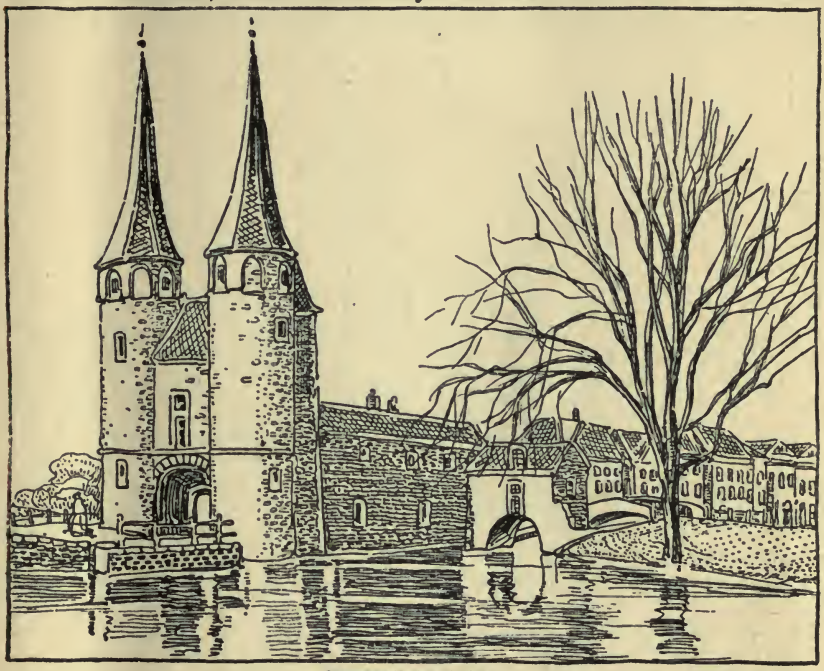


THE HAGUE. THE BINNENHOF.

old town of MONNIKENDAM, within whose hoary precincts, we presently find ourselves under the shade of stately trees, and where, out of restful peace, arises its purely Gothic cathedral, whose tower affords a fine panorama of Waterland. In the harbour lie the real Marken smacks, manned by genuine Marken fishermen, ready to take the visitors over the Gouwzee to the famous island. Whether you engage "De Vrouw Geertje" or "De Jonge Cornelis", does not matter, as they sail equally well, but

are, of course, dependent on the wind. If this happens to be unfavourable, you can go by motor-boat. The trip across takes about an hour's sailing; but if you want to do it more rapidly, you must go in the winter, in an ice-boat which has often made the trip over the slippery course in the time of four minutes. ⊠

⊠ The islanders get plenty of foreign visitors, especially Americans, whom they see more than their own countrymen. As you enter the peculiar narrow little harbour, where on Sundays the whole fleet of 180 smacks is



GATEWAY AT DELFT.

collected, you must not be astonished at hearing the children call out to you from a distance, in English, their begging cry of "BABY PENNY?" The island, whose houses have been repeatedly burnt down, and which has been inundated still more often, is divided into eleven tiny hamlets, all built on hillocks or mounds, as a safeguard against the water, and joined by narrow paths and ditches. The twelfth hillock is the resting-place of their dead. In winter, when the floods rise, these twelve hillocks alone remain unsubmerged, like mole-hills in the wide sea. But sometimes, the water rises into their houses, when their respective owners have to take refuge high up under the roofs. The communication between one

little mound and another, and between these and the harbour, is maintained by strange little Marken boats. ⊠

⊠ NOT A SINGLE TREE exists on this island. Grass alone growing in such abundance that quite a fair amount of money is earned in hay-making by the women and girls; the men spending the greater part of their time with the fishing-fleet. ⊠

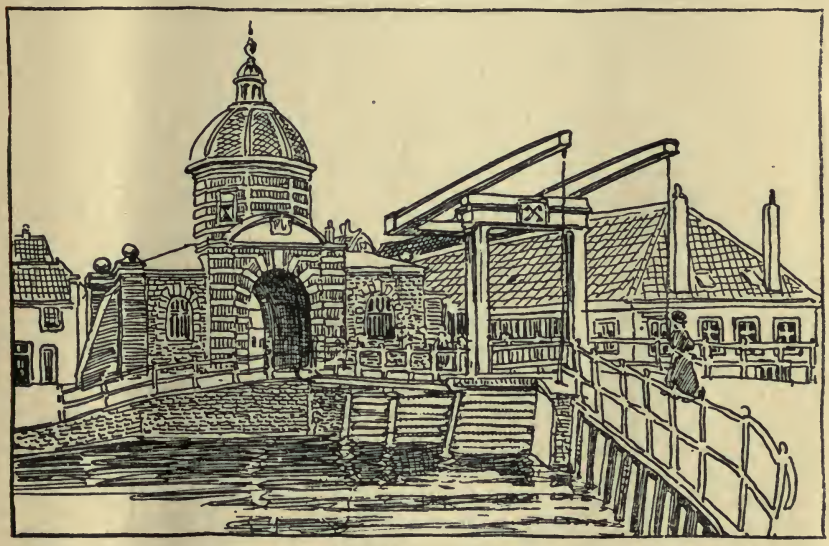
⊠ The dress of the people of Marken is highly picturesque. You will doubtless know it from the Dutch pictures or from photographs taken by your own countrymen during the summer. The men wear short, wide knee-

KATWIJK ON SEA. OLD LIGHTHOUSE. FISHING-SMACKS ON THE BEACH.

breeches, a loose, sparsely decorated jacket, with two gold or silver buttons on the collar, and by preference the uncomfortable splendour of A TALL SILK HAT. The women's costume is much more intricate, and one cannot imagine how they manage to dress themselves every morning without the help of a maid. On the head a high cylinder, covered with coloured ribbons, and surmounted by a small muslin cap. From under this headgear a quantity of fair hair, "à la Arriet" spreads over the forehead, in an "idiot's fringe" while from the temples two long golden curls descend to the chest. In addition to this a tightly-laced bodice is worn, with a kind of chest-protector of flowered chintz, and a whole quantity of short, outstanding petticoats and low shoes or wooden clogs.

The children, boys and girls, are dressed exactly like MARKEN DOLLS, which are the delight of the American ladies. But they are as a rule not for sale as curiosities! ⊠

⊠ The Marken people are no less conservative in their customs than in their costume, the queerest stories being related about them. Even if you could speak our language, you would certainly not understand much of their dialect. The interiors of their dwellings are quaint and eccentric, with decorations of the gaudiest description. But it would take me quite an hour, Mr. Roosevelt, to describe the many peculiar and genuinely antique things to be seen. Moreover, some surprises must be left for the



GATEWAY IN LEYDEN.

visitors, and that worldly-wise old woman MARRETJE THIJSSEN TEERHUIS for instance, will readily show you for a tip, (for choice a large one) her treasures, consisting of plates, dishes and bric-à-brac, as well as the profusely decorated high show-bed in her parlour. The visitors once more board the smack, and sail to another spot, where they rub their eyes and wonder whether they are perchance dreaming. ⊠

⊠ But no; the bizarre dream is in reality the old Dutch fishing village of Volendam, with its WOODEN HOUSES PERCHED ON HIGH PILES ranged on both sides of the sea-wall, so that in stormy weather the waves may roll unrestrained beneath the dwellings. When we enter the houses, we find they mostly consist of one single, low-ceilinged room, very often full of the smoke from the open fire on the hearth, but artistically deco-

rated with all manner of small, gaily-coloured bric-à-brac and polished brass-work—all alarmingly clean. ⊠

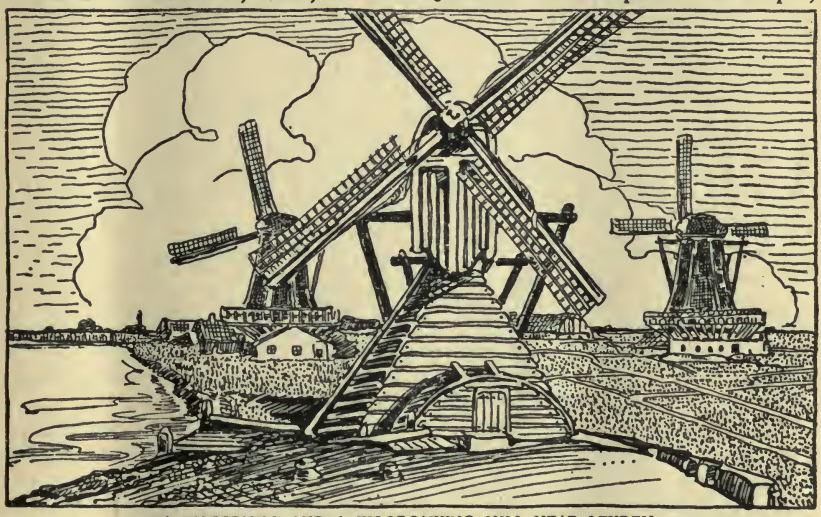
⊠ This reminds me of a story about the American in Volendam who dared not spit on the scrupulously clean steps, scrubbed so that one might eat from them, nor on the spotless floors, nor even in the stables—and he was almost at his wits' end, when at last looking for the least clean spot, his glance happened to light on a fisherman's face and in despair HE NEATLY TOOK HIS AIM THERE. But I do not suppose it is true, for he would certainly have fared rather badly, these Volendam men being big strong fellows. They look very comical in their balloon-like breeches, and gaily-coloured woollen jerseys, while in winter and summer alike, they wear a woollen cap, something like a "fez". The women adorn their heads with great white hoods, having flaps which reach below the ears. The whole population lives here like a large family, estranged from the outer world. The men go fishing together in their fleet of 240 smacks, and probably through the habit of living in the tiny cabins of their boats, these huge fellows never sit on a chair, but always squat on their haunches. ⊠ Artists from all parts of the world gather here to paint them in their romantic surroundings. After a walk round, the visitors will be able to see, moored in the harbour, a real old-fashioned DUTCH TOWING-BARGE, in perfect keeping with its surroundings, and which is towed through a narrow canal, winding through the low-lying fields. The horse attached to the tow-line goes at a slow jog-trot over the "Volendammerpad", the pathway that runs alongside the water, while the driver continually tries to inspire the old crock with new life. When the bargeman blows his horn, the bridges are raised for the towing-barge to pass. ⊠

⊠ In this way the excursionists reach the pretty little town of EDAM, and from here you are carried back to Amsterdam, where the citizens, Mr. Roosevelt, eagerly await your arrival..." ⊠

⊠ Then the train stopped. Amidst thunderous cheers, the ex-president alighted, followed by his family, and again began shaking the hands that were held out to him from all sides. A short speech of official welcome, congratulating Roosevelt on having FOR THE FIRST TIME SET FOOT ON DUTCH SOIL, in Arnhem, one of our most beautifully situated fashionable towns, the capital of Gelderland, whose inhabitants bear on their proud device: "High courage, small possessions, sword in hand, is the motto of Gelderland". Outside, the motor-cars stood waiting, surrounded by a large concourse of people. A Chamberlain of Queen Wilhelmina welcomes, in the name of his sovereign, the representative of the American nation, in the country of his forefathers. Prince Henry of the Netherlands has sent his own motor-car to convey Roosevelt and his family to the Palace of the Loo, where, immediately on their arrival, they are received as THE GUESTS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY. Throughout the town crowds of people have assembled, who cheer "Teddy" most cordially as he passes. Soon the motor-cars are running along the beautiful high-roads, construct-

ed by Napoleon for his armies, through the loveliest wooded district, where lordly mansions, standing in their own domains, adjoin each other. It is a splendid entry through these stately wide avenues, extending for miles, with here and there from the hill-tops a glimpse of the Rhine where, silhouetted against the spring sky, like dainty filigree tracery, the Cunera-Tower of Rhenen appears, as a distant vision. ⊠

⊠ As if through one wide avenue, more beautiful than ever in its fresh spring garb, the celebrated man of the most powerful Union reached the homely, white mansion, nestling among the woods, the PALACE OF HOLLAND'S CHARMING, FAIR, YOUNG QUEEN. The reception was simple,



A WATERMILL AND A WOODSAWING MILL NEAR LEYDEN.

unceremonious and full of cordiality, quite to the taste of the unofficial ambassador of the democratic republic. At lunch Mr. Roosevelt sat beside our attractive Queen, who informed him that OUR DEAR LITTLE PRINCESS JULIANA was in the best of health, asleep in her old-Dutch cradle in one of the adjoining rooms. ⊠

⊠ Mrs. Roosevelt was seated next to the Prince-Consort, while her son was astonishing the Court-gentlemen by relating some of his hunting exploits. In a country where hares, partridges, pheasants and a few deer preserved in the Royal Parks, constitute the game, real lion-hunters are not often met with at Court. ⊠

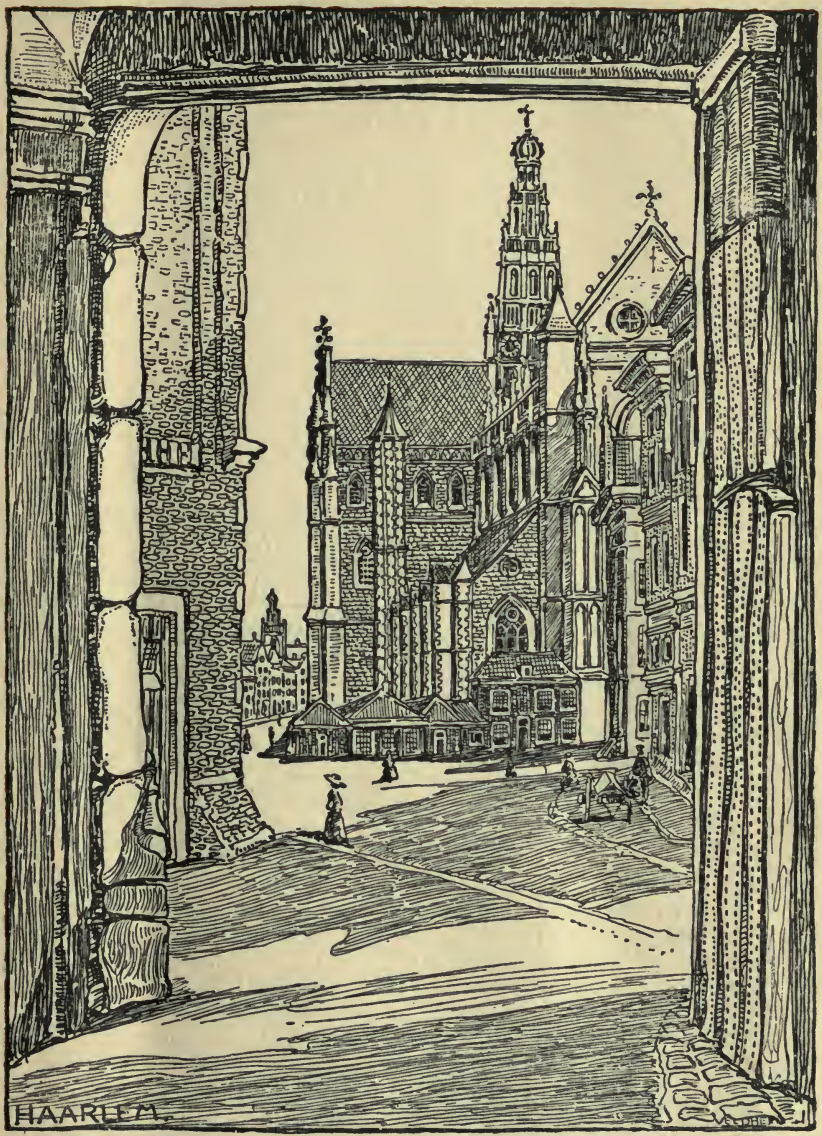
⊠ After lunch, the Prince conducted the American family to the station, where AN AMUSING SURPRISE awaited the ex-president. For not only were there numbers of people who, in order to see the great man, had gained admission by way of railway tickets, so that they could not be

turned off the platform, but, what is more, Teddy found his reserved carriage in the express-train occupied by the American reporters, who follow him everywhere. Of course, the Minister protested against these proceedings, but the train being due to start, the reporters remained where they were. So the late head of the democratic Union, and the representatives of the "Queen of the Earth", had to put up with each other's company in the small saloon, as far as Amsterdam. But Teddy is not the man to be angry with his faithful "boys" at a thing like that. ⊠

⊠ The journey proceeded through the untilled region of the Veluwe, with its wood and heath landscape, amid which hills still exist that can be traced back to THE ICE-PERIOD, and numbers of tumuli, raised over the graves of the Roman inhabitants. ⊠

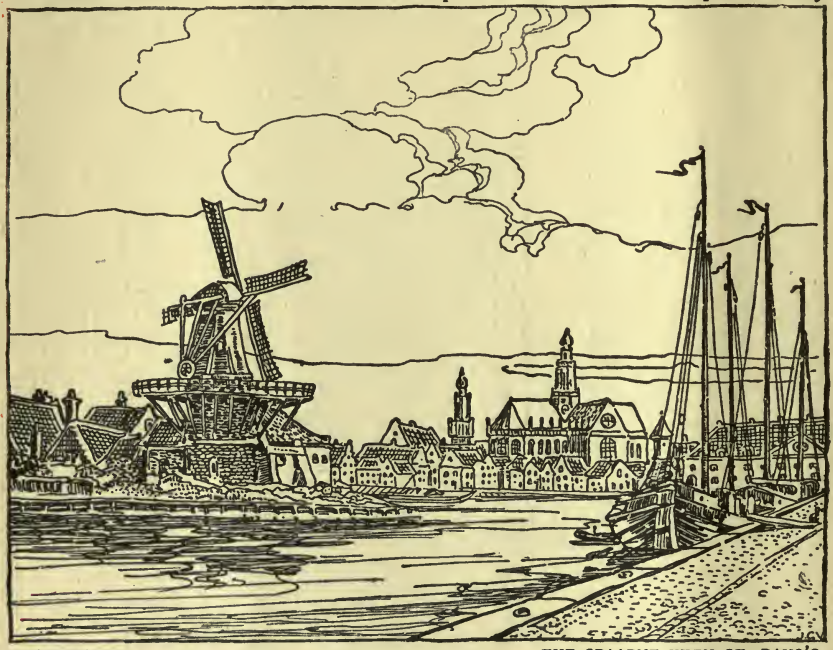
⊠ The train has now approached UTRECHT, THE ANCIENT EPISCOPAL CITY, one of the oldest Dutch towns, situated in the centre of the country and still teeming with monumental memorials of its venerable history. The Dom (Cathedral), whose 103 meters high tower is visible for many miles around, is the glory of Utrecht. A peal of 42 bells rings out over the city, among which the venerable St. Salvator bell HAS SOUNDED FOR FIVE CENTURIES. It weighs eight thousand kilos. Through a splendid vaulted arch, the modern traffic passes under the tower. The Dom-choir is connected by the thirteenth century Gothic cloisters with the famous Utrecht University, which has been partly enlarged in the Dutch Renaissance-style, but in whose older part is still found the former hall of the ancient Domkapittel (chapel), now used as "Aula". Numbers of palatial dwellings and especially numerous old almshouses make a walk through Utrecht's streets and along its canals a real pleasure. And when the visitor, in viewing these magnificent antiquities, as well as those in the Museum, has, so to say, been carried back to the glorious past of our people, the environs of Utrecht, will afford him opportunity of refreshing himself in the ever-new Nature. Those meadows, intersected by the tributaries of the Rhine and numberless canals; with their woods and country-houses, the VECHT-DISTRICT, renowned for its typically old Dutch scenery, where the Amsterdam patricians used to have their summer-residences on the capricious bends of this idyllic little river. In the same neighbourhood OUR QUEEN-MOTHER too, has her charming country-seat Soestdijk. ⊠

⊠ But on their way to the capital, ex-president Roosevelt and his suite of journalists followed another route, leading through the Gooi, the charming country of wood and heath, so dearly loved by our painters, since Anton Mauve, who worked and lived here, depicted the pastoral beauty of the Laren landscape, and Albert Neuhuys painted his pictures, rightly admired also in America, inspired by the old unaltered interiors, inhabited by shepherds, woodcutters and weavers. Consequently A REAL COLONY OF PAINTERS has been formed in this district, where American fellow-artists, male and female, are honoured guests, and the American dollars received in exchange for the pictures form a large part of the general income. ⊠



HAARLEM. ST. BAVO'S, SEEN FROM THE PAND GATE.

⊠ Meanwhile HOLLAND'S CAPITAL was awaiting the arrival of one of the most renowned sons of its forefathers. Amsterdam, in her 17th century prosperity owing to specially favourable circumstances, Queen of the Seas and Bride of the World's commerce; in the words of our greatest poet, Vondel, "unmeasured in power and in riches," focus of the industry, arts and sciences of the whole world. But fortune's vicissitudes have not left her undisturbed. The dazzling rise has been followed by a fall, to enter into the causes of which would take up far too much of the space at my

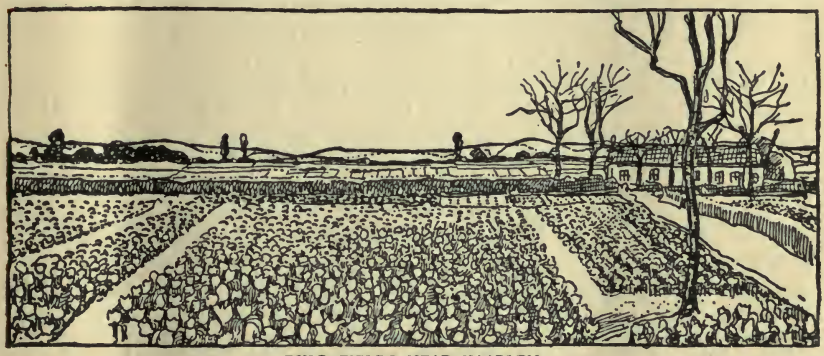


HAARLEM. THE SPAARNE WITH ST. BAVO'S.

disposal, for I only wanted to say one or two words to Mr. Roosevelt, preparatory to his entry into this capital. But this I must tell you: Amsterdam has remained the foremost town of Holland, and is still in many respects one of the most important cities in the world. ⊠

⊠ Though inferior to Rotterdam as a shipping-port, it is not only the great Dutch money-market, but her Stock-Exchange has to be reckoned with in international finance, millions of guilders' worth of American stocks and shares changing hands, so that her great banks rank among the most important monetary institutions of the world. She is the first of the markets for Holland's commerce, and perhaps the principal port of Europe for the importation of colonial produce. ⊠

⊠ THE AMSTERDAM TOBACCO-MARKET, for instance, is visited every year by about five-and-twenty Americans, mostly tobacco-merchants, and a few great manufacturers, among whom are representatives of corporations, like the American Cigar Cy and the United Cigar Manufacturers. Formerly there were considerably more, but their numbers have decreased, since the factories have become more and more concentrated in the hands of a few great owners. The American buyers are received with open arms, being large supporters of the Sumatra tobacco-market. They generally remain at Amsterdam, as long as the sales are held, that is from the middle of March till the middle of July, and from the beginning of September till the end of October. They buy almost exclusively Sumatra tobacco, the leaves of which must be large, thin and light in weight, on account of the high duty in America, which is $ 1.85 per American lb. Notwithstanding this, there is a great demand for Sumatra tobacco in America, which, besides



BULB FIELDS NEAR HAARLEM.

being far superior to the home produce in quality and colour, suits the popular taste. The yearly export to America is about 25000 to 30000 bales of 75 Kilos each. The prices generally vary from 2 to 6 guilders per ½ Kilo. But if American tobacco is scarce, owing to a bad season, the price of the best kind is sometimes driven up to 7 and even 8 guilders a lb., mostly by cigar-manufacturers, for few tobacco-merchants are able to afford such high prices. The Sumatra-tobacco bought by America is used only for the outer leaf, for cheap as well as expensive cigars. ⊠

⊠ The stately, beautiful aspect of Amsterdam still retains the old, proud glory, even if the exigencies of modern traffic have not left this quite untouched. But perhaps the most characteristic sign of the changing times is Mr. Roosevelt, that many of the dignified old houses whose fine seventeenth century fronts extend in long rows along the stately canals which encircle the whole inner town with a grand sweep have ceased to be lordly mansions for generations of prosperous merchants, and have been turned into offices for land-development and industrial companies, of which more

than two hundred, with an aggregate capital of as many million guilders, are stimulating the mercantile life of Amsterdam. Some branches of industry attained new prosperity in this and the preceding century. ⊠

⊠ THE DIAMOND-CUTTING INDUSTRY, one of the largest workshops of which, Colonel, you will presently visit, employs more than ten thousand workers, most of whom are Jews. Here the diamonds are split, cut, bought and sold for the whole world, America supplying no small amount of customers. And so the capital derives its life's blood from many and varied sources. Art finds in Amsterdam, as of old, a wide field for development and appreciation (her beauty inspired among many others, our modern painter Breitner his superb masterpieces). ⊠

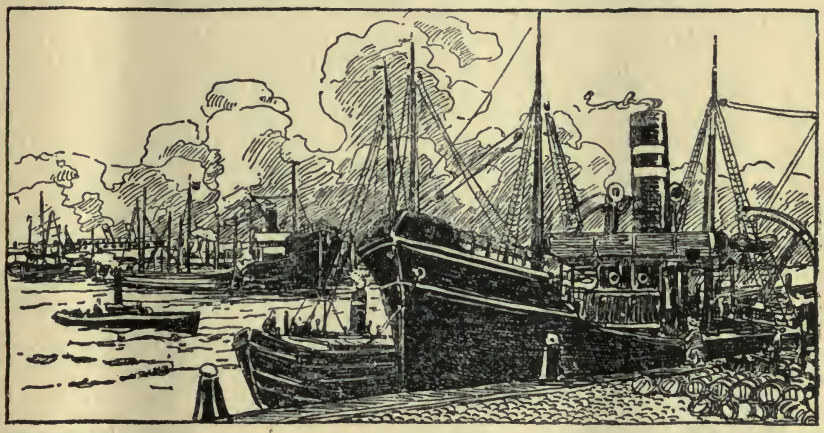
⊠ Architecture is beginning to add new lustre to its old glory. Dr. Cuypers and H. P. Berlage are names that will be associated with the rise of DUTCH ARCHITECTURE in the 19th and 20th centuries. Some important new buildings, as the Central Station and the Rijksmuseum of the former, the Exchange and a few other fine structures of the latter, you will be able to admire, Mr. Roosevelt, immediately after your entry into Amsterdam. The far-famed museums, visited every year by thousands of strangers from all parts of the world, bear witness to the Dutch love of art. Musical life concentrates itself round the "Concertgebouw" orchestra, which under the spirited conducting of Mengelberg, is one of the most efficient orchestras in Europe. The municipal University upholds the capital's old renown as a seat of learning. And so Amsterdam may still consider itself the centre of Holland's culture. ⊠

⊠ The capital's most noticeable feature being her manifold complexity, it is naturally impossible for me, Mr. Roosevelt, to give you anything like a complete description of the town and of the intricacies of life in Amsterdam. But the guide to Holland that our great visitor had with him in the train, will no doubt have sufficiently informed him of the numerous sights in the domains of history, fine arts, commerce, shipping, industry, science etc. In this compilation the ex-president will not have found the famous Six collection of pictures mentioned. This was closed to the public a short time ago, though the owner would be pleased to open his galleries to the representative of the Union. But during his various rides through the town, "Teddy" would be able to form his own impressions of its chief characteristics. In this connection, it should be remembered that Amsterdam has been continually enlarged from the Y in ever wider stretching arcs, encircled by the four principal canals. The river Amstel traverses the city from south to north. Owing to the intersection of all its canals, the town is sometimes called THE NORTHERN VENICE. ⊠

⊠ Amsterdam has been divided into about a hundred tiny islands, connected by more than three hundred bridges. The greater part of the commercial traffic is carried on these canals, by means of large, flat barges, thereby rendering the street traffic far less noisy and objectionable than is usual in great cities. ⊠

⊠ In some quarters of the inner city the backs of the houses, mostly warehouses, are standing in the water, so that the barges filled with goods, can be unloaded directly into them. Another consequence of this abundance of water, and of the low level at which Amsterdam lies, is the swampy character of the soil, the result being that the foundations of the houses must be built on multitudes of very long piles. ⊠

⊠ Towards the evening, after his rapid journey through the greater part of Holland THEODORE ROOSEVELT ARRIVED IN THE CAPITAL. On the platform he is received still somewhat ceremoniously, in the sedate Dutch manner, by the burgomaster of Amsterdam, and a number of other gentlemen in tall hats and frock-coats. The ex-president's private saloon-



ROTTERDAM. ON THE MAAS.

carriage has first to be uncoupled, which causes some excitement among the waiting deputation, who cannot see anything of the great man. They walk to and fro nervously, looking for him, inquiring here and there, till at last Teddy steps slowly from his carriage, looks scrutinizingly around with his sharp eyes, then turns to the first official-looking gentleman. "I am the burgomaster and I..."—"Delighted!" says Roosevelt with his infectious laugh. After shaking many hands, he leads the company out of the station in "American" quick time. Outside stormy applause arises. Hats are thrown in the air, the stars and stripes are waved. The great Yankee is standing beside his host in the carriage. Making the old familiar gesture with his right hand, he calls out: "VERY FINE, FINE, DELIGHTED." So the short procession drives on from the station, (which by the bye is built on an island) along the wide thoroughfare with its bold silhouette of the town, to the Dam, the old centre of the city, and one of the most characteristic squares of Europe, surrounded as it is by monumental buildings. In front THE ROYAL PALACE, which is considered one of the wonders

of the world. The foundations resting upon about fourteen thousand piles, it was built in strictly classical lines by Jac. van Kampen, after the peace of Munster, as a worthy seat of the municipality of Amsterdam, to whom it will soon be returned. Here it was that, in the spring of the year 1910, Queen Wilhelmina appeared on the historical balcony, the little fair-haired Juliana in her arms, showing her to tens of thousands of her people, who were thrilling with enthusiasm. ⊠

⊠ To the right of the Palace one sees, perspectively joined to it, the principal gable of the wonderfully beautiful, late-Gothic "Nieuwe Kerk" (New Church) with its glittering stained-glass windows and numerous other art-treasures, in the midst of which the remains of Holland's great naval hero, MICHIEL DE RUYTER, are laid at rest. ⊠

⊠ Roosevelt immediately won all hearts by honouring the memory of this great Dutchman, in visiting his tomb first of all. The oldest churchwarden addressed the famous visitor thus: "On entering this cathedral, where formerly the clergy of Amsterdam, which may be called the mother of your Reformed Church in America, used to meet, the Church Council desire to receive you with a few words of welcome. We know that you are come to see the tomb of our great naval hero de Ruyter. We can very well understand that you, who feel yourself bound by ancestral ties to the old nation of the Republic of the United Netherlands, from which the United States of America borrowed their name, are proud of the connection, as we are to acknowledge you one of the descendants of our glorious forefathers." ⊠

⊠ Roosevelt then walked through the magnificent choir to the lofty marble tomb, on the sides of which hung the faded wreaths, placed, from time to time, by the princes and rulers of the earth, on the last resting-place of Holland's great son. ⊠

⊠ Silent and with bared head, Roosevelt stood for some moments in the shadow of the great monument. Then he descended into THE CRYPT and viewed the coffin containing de Ruyter's remains, by the light of the lantern suspended from the roof of the vault. ⊠

⊠ Coming outside again from the resting-place of the dead, the ex-president found himself suddenly in the centre of the busy traffic, all the principal thoroughfares radiating from the Dam. ⊠

⊠ Was it not characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt's penetration that his second visit should be to THE LARGEST DIAMOND-CUTTING WORKSHOPS of the town and likewise of the world? Before the windows of the workshops stood a dense crowd of cutters and repairers in their blue smocks, and also among the women-polishers of the small diamond chips, the visit of the ex-president of the United States caused great excitement. Nodding kindly he entered this wonderful place, in which millions of guilders' worth of precious stones were being worked, or on show in their rough state direct from the mines. Here were the models of THE CULLINAN, now adorning the crown of England's king, and the Excelsior, before that the

most famous diamond in the world. Mr. Roosevelt could not look enough at all the interesting things to be seen, could find no words sufficient to express his admiration. ⊠

⊠ After this he raced off to the large hall, where the ex-president would for the first time address the Dutch people. To the strains of the old anthem, Wilhelmus van Nassauwe, played on the organ, he was escorted, through the dense mass of people, by a number of students, wearing the red- white- and blue, Holland's national colours. The chairman of the meeting addressed him as follows: "WELCOME HOME, IN THE COUNTRY OF YOUR

LEUVEHAVEN ROTTERDAM. S.S. „ROTTERDAM" OF THE HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE IN THE BACKGROUND.

FOREFATHERS. You have a Dutch name and belong to the Dutch Reformed Church. But this is not all. When we remember what men Holland has given to the United States, what moral, religious and political influences emanating from us, have been ingrafted on you, we sometimes feel inclined to connect some of the great qualities characterizing you, your earnestness and your straightforwardness, with your Dutch extraction." ⊠

⊠ The immense audience had risen at these words, and gave their famous kinsman an ovation which shook the walls. ⊠

⊠ And what is he saying now? "An address to the Dutch nation": "Chairman, and you my host, and my kinsfolk! You have indeed made me feel at home in Holland. I hesitated about accepting your invitation at first,

because, I am sorry to say, I don't speak Dutch. But perhaps you will be good enough to pardon me speaking to you, as I must. It is nearly three centuries ago that my people left Holland, to take part in the foundation of what was then the tiny trading-fort of New-Amsterdam, and I am very sorry they ever changed the name, and wished it could have been held. My forefathers did all they could to stop it.

And now I am back, bringing with me my son, who represents the ninth generation from the original Roosevelt, who came from Holland to New-Amsterdam. When my people went to New-Amsterdam, the great Admiral de Ruyter, whose tomb I have visited to-day, was not yet born; and the great painter Frans Hals, whose pictures I shall soon see, had not begun to paint and they were unknown names, when my people went to the New World.

The Chairman, my special host, was kind enough to allude to his belief, that I have kept some of the tricks of my forefathers, and I hope I have.— I trust my son, my children and children's children will still keep some of the tricks of the men and the women who made Holland illustrious among the nations.

As I told you, I unfortunately cannot speak Dutch, and the only Dutch that I know, is a baby-song I learned from my grandfather. Now I am afraid the pronunciation has been changed in the course of seven generations. It runs as follows:

„Trippel trippel-toontjes
„Kippen in de boontjes
„Koetjes in de klaver
„Paardjes in de haver
„Eendjes in de waterplas
„'k Wou dat 't kindje grooter was."

You see by this, I still know a little Dutch, even if I cannot pronounce it. And now, my friends, it is such a pleasure for me to be amongst you. I come from a great free Republic to the home of my forefathers, of whom it may be said, that they were among the very first, to establish freedom as we now understand the word. You, my friends, here at home in Holland, have stood, as we in America have stood, for religious and civil liberties and you have stood for it not only without fear, but with good sound sense. You have realised that with liberty there must be good order; that the first flow of liberty is that license, which itself forbids the return of tyranny. My friends, you have taught the lesson which all the world must learn: that no man can escape being governed, and either must govern himself or somebody else will have to do it for him!"

Then the enthusiasm reached its height. But most of the journalists acknowledge that Roosevelt's American-English is difficult for Dutch ears, especially when he raps out every word like a blow from a sledge hammer. Yet his listeners became so excited that, as soon as his address was finished, they crowded outside and took up their positions again to uproariously

cheer the great American in the street. In this tumult THE EX-PRESIDENT'S OVERCOAT was torn away from him, and some delay was caused in recovering it. ⊠

⊠ At the exit a conversation between two Jordaan-inhabitants. One, who had not succeeded in getting in, asks: "What was it like?" The other answers: "Well, first a whole yarn in English—that I could not understand. Then he assured us that he spoke German (he had taken Dutch for Duitsch) I did not understand that either. He also spoke some Dutch, but that was quite unintelligible, and I did not hear him speak any American at all." ⊠

⊠ After the meeting Mr. Roosevelt attended a dinner given in his honour by the burgomaster of Amsterdam, by whom he was addressed as A FELLOW COUNTRY-MAN. In his answer the ex-president acknowledged having travelled through Europe at high speed, for nearly six weeks, sleeping most of the nights in the train, which he found very fatiguing. But now that one of his dearest wishes had been fulfilled at last, in paying a visit to Holland, he felt more fit than ever. He went on to say that he still has IN HIS POSSESSION THE OLD BIBLE TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATES-GENERAL brought from Holland by his forefathers, as well as some other Dutch relics, which were still carefully preserved in his family. He repeatedly stated that he, and many of the highest New-York families were proud of their Dutch origin. And he wound up by telling an anecdote of one of the members of the Dutch Society, named de Witt, who notwithstanding his historical name had drunk to the health of the House of Orange. ⊠

⊠ Late in the evening, Mr. Roosevelt left the capital for the Hague, THE ROYAL RESIDENCE, where, in spite of the late hour, the arrival of his train was the signal for salvos of cheering. Outside, crowds burst through the line of police, and literally besieged the ex-president. On the platform he was received by two old acquaintances, the minister for Foreign Affairs, de Marees van Swinderen, the late Dutch Ambassador in the United States, and his present successor, Loudon. But the public allowed the long awaited guest no rest. ⊠

⊠ The whole day long SANDWICH-MEN had walked through the town with boards bearing the inscription: "Go to the station to-night to welcome Teddy." The throng was so great that the popular guest had much difficulty in reaching the waiting town authorities. In all directions hundreds of stars and stripes were waving. ⊠

⊠ At the moment that Roosevelt turned round to descend the platform, a lady ran up to him, throwing herself as it were against him, and tried to seize his hands. Teddy, with a laugh that could be heard all over the platform, took both of hers, pressed them cordially, and continued shaking them in a strong and hearty grip. This was the last signal for the public to get quite out of hand. ⊠

⊠ And when Roosevelt at last succeeded in descending the steps, the

ROTTERDAM. ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH.

unfortunate Hague police were completely routed. The public rushed after him, cheering lustily. Another dense mass, quite as big as the former, waiting in the vestibule, were rending the air with their applause. Laughing and still looking as brisk and lively as ever after his tremendous exertions, the great man passed between the rows of people, his hat continually describing circles in the air. A court-carriage was in waiting, and it was only after great difficulty that he was able to enter it, the public hanging on to the wheels, so to say. They tapped on the windows, looked through them, cheering and waving all the time. ⊠

⊠ "Good-bye", he called out to them. Meantime the Minister van Swinderen and all the authorities were still struggling to force a way through the people. Then Roosevelt's carriage drove away to his hotel, where among the decorations, THE RED DUTCH TULIPS, his favourite flowers greeted him. ⊠

⊠ And still the crowd outside went on applauding, so that before retiring he was forced to appear on the balcony once more. Meanwhile his private secretaries were waiting for him in the adjoining rooms, ready to receive his last instructions for continuing the nightly work entailed by the voluminous correspondence, which everywhere haunts the ex-president like a nightmare. ⊠

⊠ Next morning, the Roosevelt family saw the Royal residence in its holiday garb. Everywhere flags were flying and festoons of green hanging, in honour of PRINCESS JULIANA'S FIRST BIRTHDAY. As he drove out, a flower-girl pushed her way to the ex-president, offering him a daisy, the Juliana-flower, which he put in his button-hole. ⊠

⊠ But he was later than usual and to the great consternation of the authorities waiting for him, Mr. Roosevelt telegraphed to postpone his projected visit to Delft, preferring to drive through the Hague with his wife and children, seated in a court-carriage. For this is one of the most charming towns in our country, and so much patronized by foreigners that, in the tourist season, one hears more English, French and German spoken than Dutch. Tourists will find here every degree of comfort, while they will be at the same time, in a centre of Holland's old history, our beautiful old architecture, our old and young generations of painters, our typical Dutch landscape, close to the dunes and the sea; in the residence of Queen Wilhelmina and our Royal baby, the seat of the nation's government, where Parliament meets, and the diplomatic representatives of all nations have their abode. ⊠

⊠ It is very pleasant to take a stroll through the Hague, with its old and modern beauties; its spacious squares, plantations and parks; the quiet demeanour of its population, dignified and opulent, with the stylishly-dressed ladies; the numerous strangers, on all of which the splendour of the Court seems reflected; ladies and gentlemen of independent means taking staid and leisurely walks; the numbers of motor-cars and broughams; the outlandish pomp of a complete corps diplomatique; the well-kept shops; the

charming surroundings of woods and sand dunes; the remarkable figures of artists and politicians—all this entices one to pleasant promenading. But also YOUR MENTAL CRAVING will find plenty to satisfy it, if only in the numerous old buildings that go to make an architectural jewel of this city. ⊠

⊠ In order to enjoy the fresh air, cheered on all sides, the great American drove to THE BOSCH (WOOD) AT THE HAGUE, which is about two miles across, with splendid old trees, ponds and lakes, of a most idyllic character. Amidst the woods rises HUIS TEN BOSCH, the 17th century summer residence, built for the Princess Amalia of Solms, consort of Prince Frederick Henry, by the celebrated Jacob van Kampen; and since then used as a country seat by the Royal family. Here was held the first Peace Conference. Here it was the Roosevelts left their carriage and lingered for some time in the octangular Orange Hall, with its cupola and magnificently painted walls. ⊠

⊠ The Old Scheveningen Road, a beautiful avenue, about 2½ miles long, constructed as early as 1668, runs past the stately Zorgvliet Park, where the international PEACE PALACE is nearing completion, to the world-famous watering-place SCHEVENINGEN, which attracts more and more visitors, among whom are many Americans, some even coming in their own yachts. After this the ex-president paid a few friendly visits and, accompanied by his wife and children, was given a long private audience by the Queen-Mother at the Palace. Meanwhile at his hotel a continual stream of notable visitors called and left cards. ⊠

⊠ Of the many interesting museums Mr. Roosevelt rightly elected to visit the famous: MAURITSHUIS, containing Rembrandt's earlier and later works, paintings by Vermeer of Delft, Frans Hals, Gerard Dou, Frans van Mieris the younger, Paulus Potter, Jan Steen and many other Dutch masterpieces; beautiful canvases by Holbein, Rubens, van Dyk, etc. ⊠

⊠ And after lunch, a hurried visit by motor-car to THE OLD TOWN OF DELFT where Claas Maartensz. van Roosevelt was born, who in 1651 crossed the ocean to New-Amsterdam. Few towns have preserved the typically Dutch tone and aspect in their picturesque canals, to such a degree as this one, famous all over the world for its blue and coloured ware and china, made in the 17th and 18th centuries, the secret of which has since been lost. Then from an historical point of view, Delft is of a most interesting character, for in this town will be seen the Prinsenhof (Prince's Court) formerly a convent, afterwards the palace of the Princes of Orange, where William the Silent, the founder of our national independence, popularly called THE FATHER OF THE FATHERLAND, was killed in 1584 by an assassin, hired with Spanish money. ⊠

⊠ His mausoleum was the object of the visit of the ex-president, who was equally impressed by the environment of the picturesque little town, as by the sacred quiet of this noble church, in the vaults of which all the members of the House of Orange are laid to rest. ⊠

DORDRECHT.

VIEW OF THE TOWER.

☒ The bells of the old tower still ring out their chimes with undiminished energy, to the same national anthems of "the Silent's" time. ☒
☒ Roosevelt remained a long time in deep contemplation before the tomb of HUGO DE GROOT (GROTIUS) on which the American deputation placed a wreath on the occasion of the first Peace-Conference. ☒
☒ But other obligations claimed the presence of the great man, represent-

A VIEW IN GOUDA. THE FISH-MARKET.

ative of the powerful Union, who thereupon returned to the Royal town, where shortly afterwards he held a reception till late in the evening. One of the things that specially struck the Dutch—whose wine-cellars have ever been well-stocked—was that here, and at the various banquets he was present at, the ex-president stuck to HIS ICED WATER. ☒
☒ At this reception, Mr. Roosevelt assured the Town-Council that the way in which he had been received by his kinsfolk in Holland, would ever remain in his memory. He had been told that Holland and the Dutch had

never quite recovered from the consequences of the oppression in the Napoleonic period. But now he knew better, having been able to observe that there was no longer any question of decadence; that Holland can do great things, notwithstanding the oppression of former centuries; that our small country was inhabited by a people possessed of great activity and strength of mind, culture and energy, and that Holland may well be proud of the Royal Town in its position as the centre of a mighty international movement. On returning to his own country, he would certainly make a point of communicating his favourable impressions of the great Dutch

ALKMAAR. THE CHEESE-MARKET.

nation to their, and to his own fellow countrymen in America; and so far as it depended on him, he would be pleased to do his part towards strengthening the pleasant and FRIENDLY RELATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO NATIONS. It was quite late and he had shaken hundreds of hands, when the cheers again ascended to the rooms of the hotel, where he was about to retire. Twice he had to appear on the balcony, in response to enthusiastic demands, before the people saw fit to return to their respective homes. ⊠ ⊠ "What endurance!" we journalists cried, as we followed Teddy on his triumphal tour, WITH OUR TONGUES POSITIVELY HANGING OUT OF OUR MOUTHS. For an ordinary mortal it takes a fortnight's holiday at least, to see something of our country, and even then he will take home but

a very superficial impression, but Teddy, the record-traveller, finished it off in a couple of fourteen-hour-stretches. To-day, between eleven and five, he did the rest without so much as foregoing his lunch. At full speed he motors through the most picturesque part of North and South-Holland, sees the pictures of Frans Hals in Haarlem, those of Rembrandt in Amsterdam and, after having enjoyed the quintessence of our country, steps into the train that hurries him off to Denmark and Sweden, in real American or rather Roosevelt-style. Right away! There he goes AT THE RATE OF 60 MILES AN HOUR. ⊠

⊠ The ex-president dashes along in his motor-car, having lost the car with his family in it, without noticing it. Only a few dog-tired journalists manage to keep up with him, through the wooded districts, across the Rhine, up and down the sand-dunes of Katwyk, on to LEYDEN, that old, prim, dignified stronghold of Holland's profound science, the seat of the world-famous University, presented by William of Orange, as a tribute to the gallantry of the citizens, in defending the city from the Spaniards and finally routing the besiegers by cutting the dykes. From this University scholars of such immortal fame as: Scaliger, Hugo Grotius, Dodonaeus, Salmatius, Ruhnken, Wyttenbach, Boerhave, Arminius, Gomarus, etc. have shed their light over the whole of Europe. And though a terrible gunpowder explosion destroyed a great number of the old houses, many venerable architectural treasures have still been preserved in this old-Dutch town. No wonder then, that amidst such picturesque environments, the genius of Rembrandt van Rijn, born in HIS FATHER'S MILL, first found expression here, and among whose followers were Cornelis Engelbrechtsz., Lucas van Leyden, Jan van Goyen, Gerard Dou, Gabriel Metsu, Frans van Mieris, Jan Steen, etc. some of whose pictures may still be seen in the rooms of the Lakenhal (Cloth Hall). The sixteenth century Town Hall, Gravestein, a block of buildings dating from the year 1200; the University, established in the old convent of the White Nuns; a number of Roman churches ; city gateways; patrician houses in the Dutch style of the Renaissance, all combine to make a walk through this town an historical art pilgrimage. ⊠

⊠ At regular intervals pleasant excursions can be made from here by means of one of the well-known "Carsjens" steamers THROUGH THE DUTCH WATERLAND on canals, lakes and pools, so peculiarly typical of our country that I have been told of some Americans who, having taken this trip, cabled to their friends in the New-World to join them at once, and share in the delightful sensation of novelty produced in this quaintly Dutch region so unlike anything they had ever seen before. ⊠

⊠ Besides this, Leyden has A CLAIM TO THE INTEREST OF THE AMERICANS. In evidence of which we notice here one of the many memorial bronze tablets, all presented by their fellow-countrymen to different places, in acknowledgment of the INFLUENCE OF THE DUTCH ON THE HISTORY OF AMERICA. Has not the American historian William Elliot Greffis, an Englishman by birth, recently said that nowhere on their

travels do Yankees feel so much at home as in HOLLAND, THE MOTHER-LAND OF AMERICA, and that the Americans are more and more beginning to realize this? The memorial-tablets mentioned by him, have been placed in Utrecht, Nijkerk, Amsterdam, Leyden and Leeuwarden. And why? "Because there is a wonderful likeness between the history of these cities and our own political development in bygone times, before the Mayflower sailed to Plymouth Rock." "But they only mention part of our debt," he goes on to say. "If the full acknowledgment of what we owe

RUINS OF THE CHURCH AT BERGEN.

to the Dutch had to be expressed in memorial tablets, we should have to cover the whole of the Netherlands with bronze." ⊠

⊠ The writer then points out how much America has to thank Holland for her legislation. It is a good deal, but this is not to be wondered at, when one recollects that the men who founded New-York were mostly Dutchmen; that the Pilgrims who settled at Plymouth had lived for twelve years in Holland; that THE PURITANS who established themselves in Massachusetts, had been for a whole generation under Dutch influence; that Connecticut, as well as New-York, had belonged to or had been first acquired by the West-India Company; that Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island had been educated in Holland, and that William Penn,

from whom Pennsylvania took its name, had a Dutch mother. How many Americans are there who know that Buffalo was founded by the Dutch under the name of New-Amsterdam?" ⊠

⊠ The ex-president saw Haarlem at its most striking time: a large show of DUTCH FLOWERS being held in the old wood, just outside the town, called the Hout. ⊠

⊠ The chairman presented Mr. Roosevelt with a silver model of the Mayflower, as he happened to be the one hundred thousandth visitor, and told him among other things that 3.500.000 Kilos of tulips and other Dutch bulbs are shipped every year from the neighbourhood of Haarlem to America, and that even more would be sent, if they were not liable to customs duty. ⊠

⊠ As it is, we already grow 14 million Kilos of them, which are exported to all parts of the world. In the course of the walk through the show-grounds, the ex-president noticed a bed of tulips, named after his daughter Alice. ⊠ In the 13th century Town-Hall the TEN FAMOUS PICTURES OF FRANS HALS were much admired, all portraits of citizen-soldiers and governors, affording a most complete survey of the work of this classical master who is generally mentioned first after Rembrandt. Roosevelt stood before each one, a considerable time, his hand binocular-fashion before his eyes, apparently fascinated by the power of these Dutch portraits. ⊠

⊠ This Town-Hall contains many treasures, also of an historical nature, among which are THE VERY FIRST PRINTING PROOFS (Printing was invented by Laurens Janszoon Coster, a native of Haarlem) such as: the Mirror of Human Salvation, the Abecedarium, the Donates etc. The keeper of the Records informed the ex-president that one of Haarlem's streets is called VAN ROOSEVELDSTRAAT after Lambert van Rooseveld, born in 1488, burgomaster of the town, who was killed in the Spanish siege. The ex-president was so interested in listening to these particulars that he made straight for the journalists, requesting them to note all this down. Amid a shower of flowers he re-entered his car and was driven back to Amsterdam in order to pay a special visit to THE RIJKS-MUSEUM, where in this famous art-collection, he would be enabled to view its chief glory: Rembrandt's Night Watch. Before this masterpiece Roosevelt sat silently for about fifteen minutes. And the director of the Museum afterwards remarked that he had seldom seen a visitor show so much emotion. He seemed quite oblivious of his surroundings, accordingly they would not obtrude with any conversation. A moment later, cheers in the street again announced that the ex-president had resumed his journey. ⊠

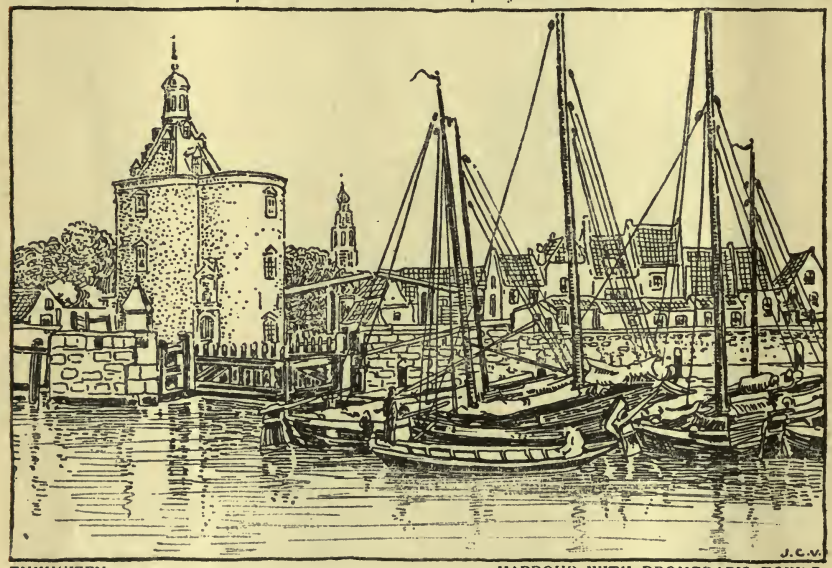
⊠ Jhr. Six's private collection of pictures next claimed the attention of the distinguished visitor and here he was shown a LETTER FROM PRESIDENT WASHINGTON written to Mrs. van Winter, wife of the man who had acquired this exquisite collection of old Dutch masters, to which Mr. Roosevelt devoted particular attention. ⊠

⊠ Finally he went into a house at the Bend of the Heerengracht, to admire

THE PRINCIPAL GATE. HOORN HARBOUR.

the eighteenth century interior of one of the patrician MERCHANTS' PALACES. ⊠

⊠ At the dinner-table, the ex-president questioned those about him, regarding the many places of interest Holland possessed and which he was not able to see in his flying trip through the country. And no doubt one of the first places mentioned was ROTTERDAM, the Dutch city which, from an American point of view, is most important for its shipping and its commerce, and where, more than anywhere else, representatives of American interests have established themselves. Unexpectedly, however, the great statesman was compelled to cancel his projected visit. And this was a

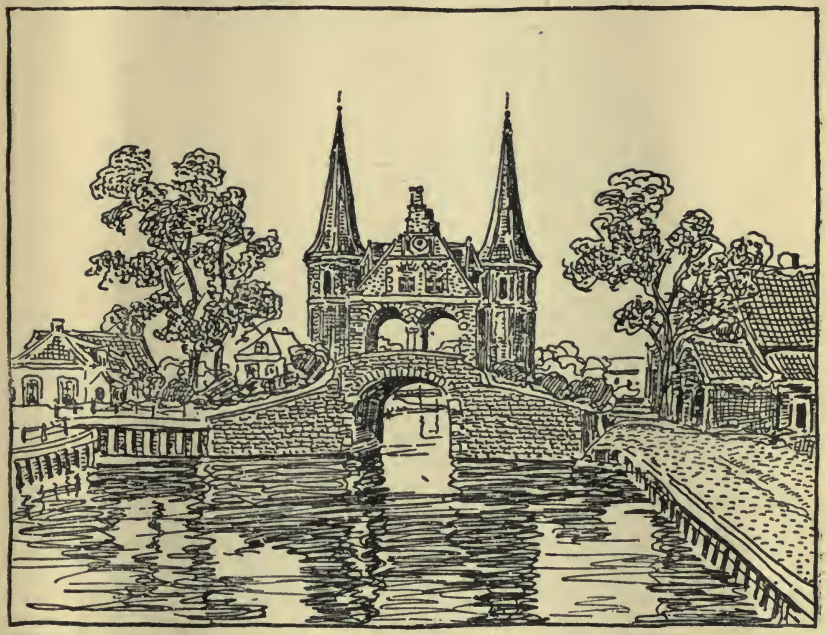


ENKHUIZEN. HARBOUR WITH DROMEDARIS TOWER.

pity, for a more picturesque seaport is not to be found on the whole continent. It is a veritable hive of industry, where many-voiced steam-syrens, the booming of heavy ores tumbling into the ships' holds, the rattling of trains and the rumbling of waggons join in a titanic chant of labour, resounding night and day. A work-town also in its aspect. For, like a youthful worker, with strongly developing limbs growing out of his clothes, so has go-ahead flourishing Rotterdam during the last years grown out of the narrow confines of the old inner town, and spread in every direction, especially alongside the Maas, that great river, with its hundreds of ships loading and discharging, constantly requiring enlargement of docks, lengthening of quays and more modern machinery. ⊠

⊠ For the endless processions of gigantic steamers, coming up from the

sea through the skilfully cut New Waterway, are eager to discharge their cargoes as rapidly as possible into the lighters and Rhine-barges. These floating warehouses then carry the goods along the rivers into the heart of the Continent; the trains on the quays are for ever being loaded by cranes and tips, whence panting locomotives draw them throughout Europe, while the ships again seek the high seas, on their way to distant countries, there to discharge their return-cargoes and be loaded anew with goods for transit, which will be again landed at Rotterdam. ⊠



SNEEK. THE WATER GATE.

⊠ The magnificence of the shipping activity on this broad stream, alongside of which the town spreads ever farther in a clear-cut silhouette; the colour-play on the ever changing water, under the Dutch skies; the grand vision of these always crowded GIGANTIC DOCKS, surrounded by towering walls of merchandise, being handled by thousands of dock-labourers and carried away by long files of waggons, drawn by trains of sturdy draught-horses—the time does not allow me, Mr. Roosevelt, to give an adequate description of this all, which must always have remained far below the amazing impression of your own contemplation. ⊠

⊠ He who wishes to know Holland in its most powerful activity; in the full element of its boundless, tide-governed water; in its innate love of

shipping—should go and walk along THE BOOMPJES in Rotterdam, where the old merchants' palaces still stand, and around the docks, over the numberless bridges; or board a ferry-boat or a tug and so take part in the vast water-traffic on the Maas. For it is the unanimous opinion of all foreigners, that neither the Thames in London, nor any of the big continental seaports affords a scene of such plastic beauty. ⊠

⊠ And coming from the neighbourhood of the port, with its tremendous

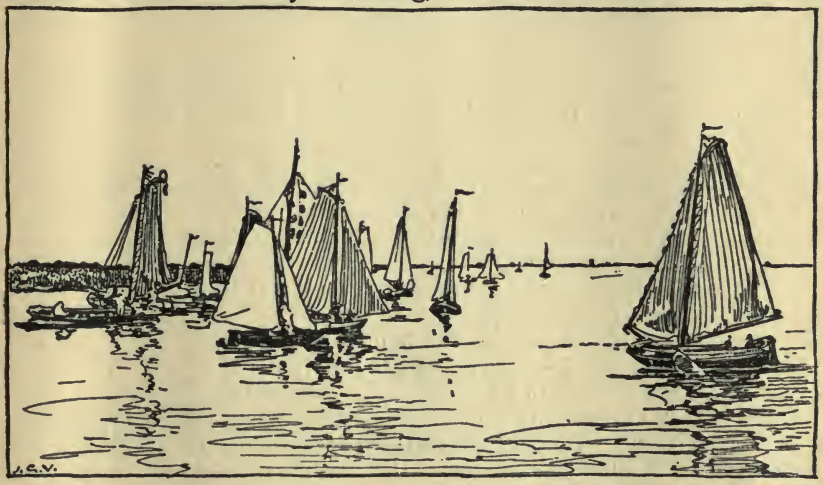
LEEUWARDEN. THE OLDEHOVE.

international traffic, you should walk along the old canals, which form THE OLD DOCKS FOR INLAND SHIPPING, wherein lie the typically Dutch ships, barges, hoys and fishing-smacks all moored closely together, their grand angular shapes carefully tarred, painted and decorated, their brightly coloured and primitive ornamentation showing up in curious contrast against the sober dark brown of their massive hulls. ⊠

⊠ Rotterdam, situated as it is on the New Maas, was, like Amsterdam, originally a fishing and seafaring village; and moreover, since the completion of the New Waterway, through which ships of 28 feet draught

can reach the docks from the sea in less than two hours, has grown to a town of over 400.000 inhabitants. ⊠

⊠ Through its favourable situation, it offers the largest steamers a safe entrance and every facility for quickly discharging their cargoes. The vessels can find anchorage, loading and unloading berths at the buoys in the river itself, which extend in a line for over 3 miles. Further they have at their disposal 43000 meters of quays and, up to the present, 480 acres of dock basins. Among these latter is the Maashaven, the largest in the world, having an area of 600.000 square meters, in the making of which nearly the whole of the village of Katendrecht was dug away. But the traffic which is constantly increasing, demands ever more room and to



GROUW. SAILING ON THE FRISIAN LAKES.

meet this need, the Waalhaven is in course of construction, which, when completed, will cover an area of more than THREE MILLION SQUARE METERS OF WATER. All these docks and quays have steam, hydraulic and electric cranes, with a total lifting-power of 350.000 Kilos. Immense railway goods-yards stretch out behind them. Wharves and sheds for the storage of goods along the quays cover a space of about 150.000 square meters. ⊠

⊠ To give you an idea of the extent of the shipping traffic, I may mention that in 1909, 9500 sea-faring ships arrived in Rotterdam with a tonnage of more than 10 millions; while the total number of inland ships was 143600 with a capacity of 25000000 cubic meters. ⊠

⊠ Thus Rotterdam is the city that makes Holland known to the stranger in its mightiest modern achievements. ⊠

⊠ Numerous IDYLLIC WATER-TRIPS IN MOTORBOATS on the Schie,

the Rotte, the Maas and the Lek afford visitors an opportunity for enjoying the Dutch landscape alongside the rivers. Onward between wood-sawing windmills, and past little doll-like houses, polder-meadows full of cattle, grazing here far below the water-level, to OVERSCHIE. The small steamer that plies to and from here, benefits considerably by American tourists. ⊠ ⊠ Close to it, on the road to Schiedam, the town where THE DUTCH GIN is distilled, lies Delfshaven, whose principal attraction is the Reformed Church, to which many foreigners make pilgrimages, for it was at this spot that the ENGLISH PILGRIM FATHERS, who were driven from York, worshipped for the last time on European soil, before setting sail on July 2nd, 1620, for North-America, where they founded the first New England settlement at Plymouth. A memorial stone in the pretty little church is dedicated to their memory. ⊠

⊠ Another trip is to Dordrecht. The square grey tower rises splendidly from the silhouette of this picturesque old town, within whose confines are still sheltered some remarkable pictures and many beautiful, ancient buildings. ⊠

⊠ Going on by way of the Merwede, the boat steams up the broadest stream of our country, the tremendous Hollandsch Diep, spanned by THE MOERDYK BRIDGE, with its fourteen arches of 100 meters each, a wonder of hydraulic engineering. Over this bridge the railway leads into Zeeland, the province in which the struggle between land and water is most strongly exemplified, and where the picturesque provincial style of dress is still most held in veneration. ⊠

⊠ From Rotterdam to GOUDA, the home of the Dutch cheese-manufacture and the patriarchal clay churchwardens (pipes). Foreigners will be attracted by the Church of St. Jan, a remarkable relic of mediaeval days' architecture, with its world-famed stained-glass windows, the most beautiful of which were wrought by the Crabeth Brothers in the XVIth century. In the centre of the market-place is the sublime late-Gothic Town-Hall, facing the beautiful Weigh-House, and decorated with an exquisite fresco by Barth. Eggers. ⊠

⊠ Close to it lies BOSKOOP, the town of the nurseries, which provides America every year with hundreds of thousand guilders' worth of shrubs. And as a fitting finish to this superficial survey, President Roosevelt will have been told of our northern provinces, especially of FRIESLAND. ⊠

⊠ The journey thither will be found equally interesting taken by land or sea. Should you, however, decide upon the latter, you must in the first place take train to HOORN, a pleasant old town with many ancient, often beautifully decorated slanting housefronts. It can boast of a glorious past. In 1580 Willem Schouten was born here, who was the first navigator that DOUBLED THE SOUTHERNMOST POINT OF AMERICA, which he christened after his native town: Cape Horn. Jan Pietersz. Coen, the founder of our East-Indian Colonies, was also a native of the same place. ⊠

⊠ You then proceed on your journey, through the most fertile, and there-

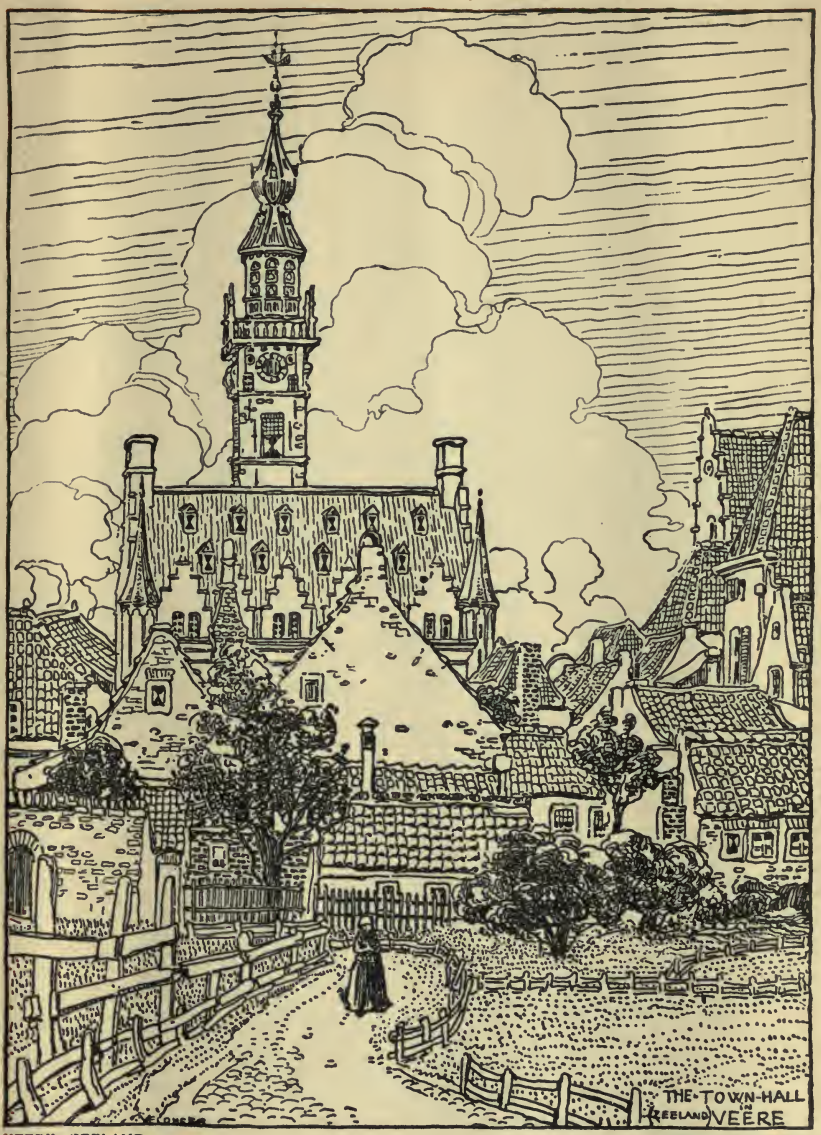
IN ZEELAND. WALCHEREN PEASANT-GIRL.

fore wealthiest part of North-Holland, where the farmhouses are on a lavish scale, until the train lands you at ENKHUIZEN. But before going on board tne steamer, you should take a walk through the quiet little town, whence formerly a fleet of 400 vessels used to leave for the herring-fisheries. It was in those bygone days of prosperity and luxury that all the noble old houses (now mostly silent and empty) were built. The colossal Drommedaris after four centuries remains as a memento of the great wall that encircled the town. This dead little town on the Zuyderzee has still many more treasures of architecture to reveal. ⊠

⊠ Now the solidly built little steamer will take you across the broad waters of Holland's inland sea to Friesland, where you alight at Stavoren, in the early Middle Ages the seat of the princes of the region, but now in its decline. Within three quarters of an hour the train carries you to LEEUWARDEN, the old capital of the Frisians, now the flourishing capital of the province, which has, with its language, the idiosyncrasies of its population, and so many old customs, untouched by foreign influence, maintained a proud position all its own, in the land. Even in the peculiar dress of the sturdy, fresh, often very beautiful Frisian women, which in the town, especially among the upper classes, may have lost many of its characteristics; but in the gold casques under the lace caps, the long, generally green jackets and the charming neckerchiefs, is still honoured in the country. On market-days at Leeuwarden, when the farmers and their women-folk come sailing or driving into town from all parts of the province, some in high, elegantly built and beautifully painted or carved gigs, you have plenty to feast your eyes on. Unless the women disfigure their headdress, by putting a gaudy bonnet on top of it. ⊠

⊠ The most important public building in Leeuwarden, which is visited by numerous Americans, is the Frisian Museum, containing a collection of antiquities gathered from the surrounding districts, which will give you a good insight into the venerable Frisian folk-lore. ⊠

⊠ From Leeuwarden by railway to SNEEK. And there, in the lake district, Friesland is at its best. Those who desire to see the most characteristic beauty of this region, should sail over the lakes of Sneek, Pik near Grouw, Heeger, Fluessen, Sloten, Tjeuke and other lesser waters. At Sneek you can hire sailing craft of all kinds, in which you can also make a trip to the woods of ORANJE-WOUD. These wide lakes, with their hoys in full sail, in the midst of the green plains, with their farms and windmills, all the streams bordered by waving rushes, between which iris and convolvulus bloom; with little inlets, where the flowering bulrushes and water-lilies abound — they are indeed wonderfully charming. And in this waterland, which has so long been isolated, the old Frisian customs are faithfully preserved; so is the Frisian language, which however, holds its own nearly everywhere in the Frisian country. In the last few years an increasing interest is shown in this language, so closely allied to the Anglo-Saxon. ⊠



VEERE, ZEELAND.

THE TOWN-HALL.

⊠ But Friesland is at its very best in winter, when the whole population forsake their occupations to go skating on the wide canals and lakes. ⊠

⊠ On the evening of the same day that Teddy had rattled and dashed through the country, he proceeded on his record-journey through Europe. ⊠ A dense crowd awaits him at the station. A minute before the time of departure, the Roosevelt family appears. With a jovial smile, the ex-president wishes the Dutch journalists "GOOD-BYE". Behind him quite a procession of secretaries and American reporters. Official leave-taking of the authorities. Shaking hands with the members of the American colony. And stepping on to the platform of his saloon, once more: ⊠
⊠ "I am taking with me the most pleasing recollections of Holland and the Dutch people; and I am deeply touched by the spontaneous expressions of friendship, especially those from the common people. Prouder than ever of my descent I leave the beautiful country of my kinsfolk, the country of old traditions, art-treasures and modern young energy!" ⊠
⊠ "Three cheers for Teddy!" shouted the Americans. And the Hollanders joined in a sincerely-felt threefold: "Hurraaaay!" ⊠
⊠ His powerful personality left a void in good old Holland. A thrill of modernism seemed to have passed through the whole nation. ⊠

COAT OF ARMS WITH THE INSCRIPTION "VAN ROSEVELT" UNDERNEATH, CARVED IN WOOD ON THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE ASSEMBLY-ROOM OF THE GUILDHALL BUILT IN 1771 AT "OUD-VOSSEMEER" IN ZEELAND.

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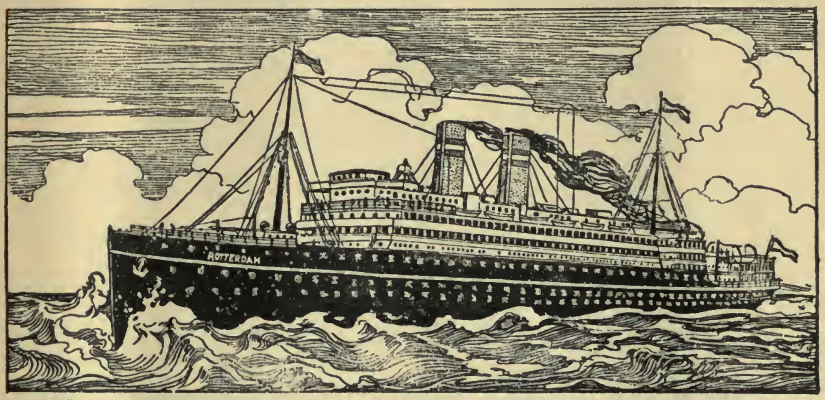

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